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Established in 1869.} "Let us see to it that a Government, of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not perish from the Earth."—A. LINCOLN. Terms: $1.50 per Year

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Our Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Aug. 24, 1891.

Secretary Noble has returned, he is looking decidedly better than he has since he first entered the Cabinet. He says that it is getting somewhat monotonous to have to say about five hundred times a day that he has not resigned and does not intend to resign as he has had to ever since he resumed his duties. One of his first official acts was to instruct the commission-agency in Indiana affairs to direct the agent at the Union agency in India Territory to seize all packages of beer that may be shipped into the Indian country and turn them over to the U. S. Marshal to be libelled as provided by law. The Secretary thus takes issue with the recent decision of Judge Bryant of the Eastern Judicial District and sold in the Indiana country.

Secretary Foster wishes the holders of the 4½ per cent bonds to distinctly understand that there is no foundation for the statement circulated by the democratic newspapers that he proposed to continue to pay interest on the bonds that are not presented for continuance at 2 per cent. Such of these bonds as are not presented on or before the date of their maturity, September 2 will draw no interest after that date and will be redeemed as fast as they are presented to the Treasury.

The Milles men are decidedly hostile to the candidacy of Representative Crisp for the Speakership and unless there is a change they will begin to make things very lively very soon. One of them said to-day that he had the facts and proposed to pubiish them showing Crisp to be under the control of several noted lobbyists. It is stated that Crisp will get the entire New York delegate with one exception, and that has by no means added to confort of the Miller men. Let 'em fight it out, say the republicans.

In accordance with Secretary Tracy's order placing all the firemen and master mechanics in the navy yards under the merit system, all of those positions in the Washington Navy Yard have been declared vacant on the 8th of September, and a competitive examination, open to all comers for the purpose of filling the vacancies, has been ordered for August 31.

Senator Chandler who is chairman of the immigration committee of the Senate doubts the right of the Treasury department to permit the landing of immigrants belonging to the prohibited class upon their furnishing bonds to the effect that they will not become a public charge, and he has written a letter to Secretary Foster giving his views and expressing the opinion that Congress never intended to authorize such a practice, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Nettleton, who is in charge of immigration matters, says that two Attorney—Generals—Garland and Miller—have furnished written opinions taking the ground that, under existing laws bonds, of this nature may properly be taken by the Secretary of the Treasury in such exceptional cases as, in the exercise of a just discrimination he thinks entitled to such treatment.

Assistant Secretary Chandler of the Interior department says that the proposed temporary transfer of the title to the cattle grazing on the Cherokee strip from the cattle men to the individual Cherokee Indian, will unquestionably be considered as merely an evasion of the President's superemptory order of removal and that it will not be permitted.

One candid Ohio democrat has struck this town in the person of Mr. George E. Fee, of Cincinnati, he said "I should like to see Governor Campbell win, but I am afraid he can't make it, I am afraid that the split in Cincinnati and the German disaffected will cause McKinley to be victorious that to think this, being a staunch democrat, but a man must form conclusions from his judgment and not his feelings."

Massachusetts department Union Veteran Union, accompanied by delegates from the departments of New Hampshire, Maine and Vermont, enrout to the National session of the Union which opens at Cleveland, Ohio, to-morrow, pass through Washington, yesterday. The Veterans spent 6 or 8 hours here and were the recipients of a very unusual courtesy at the hands of Saragent-at-arms Holmes, of the House of Representatives who is a manner of the order. He opened the capitol building for them and they held an informal reception in the rotunda. This was, I think, the first time it has been open on Sunday since war time. Washington has invited the Union Veterans Union to hold its 1892 meeting here at the same time the G. A. R. encampment will be held,

Secretary Foster proposes going to Ohio again about the first of September and will remain there for a couple of weeks. He isn't giving out his intentions for publications but it is fair to assume that he will give the republicans of that State the benefit of his wide experience in the politics of the State. and that his visit will be penficial to the party.

Are You Registered?

Under the new registery law the duties of the assessors, so far as the canvassing of the election districts is concerned, have been completed and any one whose name is not upon the list at this time can have it placed there only by personal application to the assessor at his residence, or at the place of holding the election on the 1st and 2d days of September, at which time and place the assessor of each election district is required to be in attendance from 10 a. m. to 3. p. m. and from 6 p. m. to 9 p. m. of each of said days for the purpose of hearing and acting upon applications relating to the placing of names upon said list or striking therefrom fictitious names or names of persons who may have died or removed from said district. Do not depend upon the committeeman, who under the old law looked after this matter but go in person to the residence of the assessor, or to the poling place of your election district on the first or second days of September and if your name does not appear upon the list make application to have it entered thereon. Remember that it can be done only by personal application and persons of foreign birth who have naturalization papers should take them with them for the purpose of establishing their right to vote at the ensuing election. By the new law the lists in the possession of the assessors are made public property and open to the inspection of any qualified voter of the county or ward in which the election district is situated as well as to the person claiming to be registered. A copy of the registry list will now be found posted at the polling place of your district for public examination and inspection.

Valuation of Farms.

The State Board of Agriculture has obtained the values of 4,832 farms in various counties of the State; these values were placed upon the individual farms by persons who were well acquainted with but in no way interested in them. The total valuation of the 4,832 farms is $34,032,022, and the total amount of tax paid upon them is $295,934,75, or at the average rate of 8.69 mills. The valuations include nothing but the farm itself, and these figures therefore may be taken as representing the actual average taxation upon the land itself.

Secretary Edge has found from the average rates of taxation in each county that if $100,000 is invested in farms in each county the average rate of tax paid upon them will be 9.91 mills on their value.

In obtaining this data it is found that great irregularities exist in the assessments in different parts of the same county, and that even in the same township the relations of assessment to real value vary greatly.

Memorial to Hon. C. S. Wolf.

On Saturday, Aug. 22d the Lewisburg News issued a very creditable Hon. C. S. Wolf Memorial Edition which contains an excellent portrait of the reformer, full account of his death, together with the masterful sermon delivered at his funeral by Rev. Dr. Judd, of Bucknell University all the eulogies delivered at the Bar meeting, with a list of those who came from a distance to mourn at the statesman's bier, and other matters that will be of the greatest interest to his friends throughout the state. Extra copies of the Memorial Edition may be had at 5 cents each, or six copies for 25 cents, by addressing B. K. Focht, editor of the Saturday News, Lewisburgh, Union Co., Pa.

Concerning Mad Dogs.

A mad dog cannot turn his head; if he can twist his neck about and turn his head frome side to side, even, should other signs be presented, madness has not yet seized him, and there is a chance that he may escape it. But if attracted by something on either side of him in running, his head and shoulders turn stiffly together, he is in a very dangerous and hopeless condition. Then his eyes of grayish green color are sunken in his head; his tongue hangs out, and a spongy, yellow foam oozes therefrom. A dog may run foaming at the mouth in a state of great excitement, and still not be mad, if only he can turn his head.

The Asylum Commission.

The commission to locate a site for the new asylum for the chronic insane visited Williamsport yesterday, and were instructed in the advantages of that point by a committee of citizens. From Williamsport they went to Jersey Shore to-day, and with a visit to Lewisburg this afternoon to-morrow they will have completed their tour. The commission will make a report Oct. 22, recommending a site to the Governor and Board of Public Charities.

COURT NEWS.

The regular session of the August term of court convened this morning at 10:00 o'clock. President Judge A. O. Furst was in his customary place, flanked on either side by Associates Rhoads and Riley, and the trio looked, if anything, even more dignified and imposing than ever before. (Thank you, we don't drink.—ED.) The usual number of applications, petitions, requests, etc., were made by the members of the bar, and promptly disposed of by the court or held over until some future time.

The county constables were called and each in turn handed in his report. The names of those persons summoned to serve as grand jurors were called and that body sworn and duly instructed. After the transaction of all preliminary business the court adjourned until in the afternoon at two o'clock.

This week's session of court will not be an overly important one, as the list of criminal cases is not large and all of them are more or less insignificant.

It is not altogether right to tamper with or at any time try to prejudice or influence the minds of a jury, but we do feel like telling the grand jury of the uselessness of them making a report at the close of their labors, especially if they undertake to embody in that report any suggestions or recommendations of any contemplated changes or improvements in or around the county buildings, as such recommendations are never in any way whatever taken account of, and to prepare them is only labor lost, the Court's mandamus to the contrary, notwithstanding.

The doings in court this week will be somewhat limited. The majority of the cases have either been settled or continued and the prospects for next week are about the same, there being only five cases open for trial on the civil list.

On Monday afternoon in the case of the Commonwealth against Powell Garick, the case was tried and the jury returned a verdict of guilty of larceny.

In the case of the Commonwealth vs. William Raymond, larceny, a verdict of guilty was returned. This is the case of the gypsy who stole Jonathan Schenck's buggy, harness, etc., down at Howard.

The grand jury returned two true bills of indictment against Charles Miller for assault and battery.

The forgery case, Commonwealth vs. P. B. Swartz, came to trial this forenoon.

When To Marry.

Boston Herald.

Accepted authority states that as nations advance the approved age for woman to marry becomes proportionately older, and cites incidents of barbarous nations where the girls are married when they are mere children. In these halcyon days of the nineteenth century another mark of progress is the fact that the age when a woman becomes an old maid is not 25, but a decade later 35. It may be that the maidens themselves have removed that significant milestone, but, at any rate, some one in a popular publication is responsible for the notice that such removal has been made.

But suppose after 30 years of a life filled with good and happy times a woman finds one man the likes of whom she has never met before. He is mature, like herself; his character is formed, and she knows to a reasonable extent the man she decides to marry. She gives up maidenhood with a struggle, but she understands and realives what she is doing. She believes in her fiance and respects him profoundly; she has had evidence that their tastes are harmonious, and that neither one is a "menial beggar."

When such a state of things exist a woman runs less risks in what is, after all's said and done, but one grand experiment. Suppose the experiment proves happy and withal successful, then it is as it was originally designed. Suppose, on the other hand, it is disastrous, there are fewer years in a woman's life in which to live out her mistake. She has lost nothing by waiting.

There is a good deal of silly talk about a woman's being phlegmatic, incapable of loving at 25 or 30, as she was at 16 or 20.

That's all nonsense. As a woman matures in grace of mind and body, just so much more deeply will she love. Her love at 30 is worth a hundredfold more to the one who wins it than when she is at the uncertain, impressionable age of 20.

Many urge early marriages on the ground that the husband and wife grow into each other's ways more easily, and thus live more harmoniously.

There are many natures which could never adapt themselves to each other, no matter when they are brought together, and those two people who marry make a mistake fatal to their happiness if they are not sensible enough and reasonable enough and can so supplement each other that they can marry at 40 as well as at 20.

Business Men's Jubilee.

Now that the young men of Bellefonte intend getting up a business men's jubilee for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A. they should be given liberal support by every merchant and business man in Bellefonte going in to it. The entrance-fee is a nominal one—only $1.00—and it will not cost very much to make a handsome showing, especially if one can get a real pretty girl, and this the young gentlemen agree to see to. The jubilee will be held in Garman's opera house on the first day of October.

You Must Pay.

On Thursday the Clearfield base ball club will be in Bellefonte to play the home team. The game will undoubtedly be a good one and the price of admission will be but 25 cents. The young gentlemen who are furnishing Bellefonte with this sort of amusement have decided that every person who visits the ball field hereafter must pay their admission or they will be sent to jail. The young gentlemen have leased the grounds and, being at considerable expense they are acting only fair in demanding their rights. If any person refuses to pay his name will be taken and the account given to the Squire for collection. If he them persists in his refusal he will go to jail. The thing has been tried and it works like a charm. In Clearfield not long ago a number refused to pay and their names were taken and given over for collection. The Justice wrote them a notice to call at his office before five o'clock of said day and pay their 25 cents admission and 75 cents cost or take the consequences. All but four called and paid and the constable gobbled up those four and put them to jail for 48 hours. This seems to be the law and there is no getting around it. So when you go to the ball ground on Thursday, either have a ticket or a quarter with you if you don't want to get into trouble.

Firemen's Tournament.

The Firemen's Tournament to be held at Atlantic City on September 29th, 30th, October 1st and 2d, promises to be one of the most interesting events of its kind ever held in this country. Invitations have been sent to all the prominent fire companies of the East to be present and enter the lists, and the number of entries already registered assures a brilliant success. The programme of events is a most elaborate one and includes everything that pertains to the firemen's art. Hose races, steamer trials, price drills, and other firemen contests, together with concert, torchlight procession, and a grand parade. Besides this, the arrangements for the entertainment of the visitors are very elaborate.

For the better accommodation of visitors and contestants the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Atlantic City from all principal stations on its system at a single fare for the round trip. The tickets will be sold September 25th to October 2d, valid for return until October 6th, 1891. The facilities presented by the Pennsylvania Railroad for reaching Atlantic City quickly and comfortably are too well known to need comment.

Case of Charles Cleary.

The application for a new trial for Chas Cleary, the Renovo youth who slew officer Paul while in the discharge of his duty, is being argued this afternoon before Judge Mayer and his two associates, Judges Crawford and Clark. There was a mass of evidence read to the court this forenoon, but nothing new was developed.

Cleary was taken from the jail to the court room at 10 o'clock by Sheriff Everhart. They walked side by side under an umbrella as a light rain was falling. But few people were aware of the fact that Cleary would be brought out of the jail to-day, and there were no crowds at the street corners to see him pass.

Cleary looks well and apparently does not feel much concerned. He has had two trials thus far, and was convicted each time in the first degree. He doubtless fels that the longer the delay in his case the better his chances. What the decision of the Court in the matter of granting him a third trial will be of course nobody knows.—L. H. *Democrat.*

Life At The Seaside.

The beach at Atlantic City and some characteristic bits of life at Coney Island are portrayed in this Week's issue of FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY. There is also a beautiful picture by Miss G. A. Davis of the rocks on the New England coast well worthy of framing. The art of making great guns: the Chicago Exposition; an an old house at Guilford, Conn., built in 1639, and amateur photographs make subjects for other illustrations. There is also a picture of the late James Russell Lowell; The chief editorial is an interesting article on the "Cause of Russia's Persecution of the Jews" Price ten cents. Get it of your newsdealer.

—Join the business men's jubilee.

SEPTEMBER WEATHER.

WHAT IRL R. HICKS PROPHECIES FOR NEXT MONTH.

About the 2nd. it will turn warm in the west, and as the wave moves eastward it will increase in heat, culminating in some heavy storms, and perhaps earthquake disturbances, within 36 hours of the time of new moon on the 3rd. A sharp fall of temperature occur will about the 6th.

A regular storm period is central on the 7th. There is an equinox of Mercury on the 8th, moon's first quarter is on the 11th, and the electrical antagonism of sun and earth is at its maximum on and about the same date. Disturbances of great energy, therefore may be expected in the earth and atmosphere between the 7th and 11th. The progressive presence of a very warm wave from the west will be the harbinger of storms which may work ruin and disaster on sea, lake and land if not avoided by watchful precaution. A very cool wave, sharp and sudden to the north, will most likely appear behind the storms of this period. Unsettled weather with fluctuations of temperature, is apt to run beyond the reactionary storm days, 13th and 14th, after which pleasant, bright days and nights will follow up to the next storm period.

On September 18th we reach the center of a disturbed period which will cover the central day of the earth's equinox, which dates will also be affected by the growing Venus disturbance, central October 7th. If storms of great severity do not occur between the 17th and 22nd, meteorological compensations in phenomenal temperature and earthquakes must result. Very high temperature with storms will be natural at this time. Look for a far-reaching cool to cold wave at the close of these disturbances. Remembering that we have already entered the Venus pertubation at this time, and that such perion are always characterized by sudden extremes of heat and cold, we should be prepared for very high temperature, ending in storms, and drooping quickly to the frost and freezing points to the northward. The same will apply to reactionary changes on and next to the 24th. The prevailing autumnal equinox blending with approaching Venus, an unusual conjunction of nearly all the planets with each other and the sun, all added to the fact that Saturn is passing his equinox, make the outlook an exceedingly interesting one to all interested planetary meteorology. We shall expect more than the ordinary gales and storms during the month, many of them overleaping the limits of the regular storm periods.

A regular storm period is central on the 30th, insuring a rising temperature for closing September, and bringing in autumnal storms for opening October.

St Louis, Aug. 20th 1891.

Advice to Girls.

A writer in one of our exchanges tenders this good advice to young girls: "Girls, I want to talk to you as a friend. You are young, high spirited and full of life. You have no experience in the way of the wicked world. We don't mean that it is all wicked; there are very many good men and women in it. But there are scoundrels and low rakes, many of whom wear good clothes, and make outwardly a good appearance. But they are whited sepulchres; fair to look upon, but filled with all manner of corruption. These are the follows who try to flirt with innocent young girls like you selves. Avoid and shun them as the plague of small pox, for they are infinitely worse than either. Disease at the worst can kill but the body. These devils in human form, would, if given any chance of acquaintance or familiarity, destroy both body and soul. Flirt with no man, be guarded in making acquaintances, and, in every case consult with your mother, before receiving attention from any member of the opposite sex."

An Atrocious Crime.

Special to the Tribune

HASTINGS, August 25.—Yesterday morning a fiendish crime was committed in the vicinity of Carrolltown. A man named Lewis, who drives a team on the work at the tunnel on the new railroad near Carrolltown, over took a little girl named Myers on the road between Carrolltown and Hastings and offered her a ride on his wagon. She got in and when they reached a lonely part of the road the brute took her from the wagon and assaulted her. Her screams brought a neighboring farmer to the scene and the villain was caught the same night and taken to jail at Ebensburg. The victim is only 13 years of age and is in a serious condition.

—The street commissioner and the street committee should be ashamed of themselves for allowing a street within the limits of the borough to remain in the condition that East Lamb street is. And then to repair the gutters the way they have lately been doing by shoveling the dirt out on piles there to lay and rot is rather creating a nuisance than repairing the street. But then they say the street is good enough for the people that live up there.

A Big Battle Reported.

WASHINGTON, August 26.—A cablegram from Valparaiso, dated the 24th inst., has to-day been received in this city, of which the following is a translation: The insurgents succeeded in landing 10,000 soldiers at Bay of Quinteros, north of Valparaiso, where they started along the shore towards Valparaiso, under the protection of six of their men-of-war. Eight armed transports besides all the boats of their fleet, endeavored to surprise the city by re-attack. A government force of 5,000 men was immediately detached from Valparaiso, and succeeded in delaying the crossing of Aconcagua river near its mouth, while a sufficient number of troops were moving by rail to protect Valparaiso and oppose the insurgents by at least 15,000. with a prospect of further increase of forces succeeded in stopping the insurgents forty hours, into a loss to the enemy of about 2,000 of their choicest men, not withstanding the fire of the insurgent fleet besides the fire of the land force.

This operation enabled the governor to select the best positions for their 12,000 arriving troops, although this advantage cost half the number of the gallant divisions of 5,000 men, which contested the marco of the rebels and their crossing Aconagua river.

The rebel fleet has been kept at bay by the fire on the fort and the insurgent forces are deprived of the expected protection of their men of war, while the government forces are contstantly receiving reinforcements from the interior No rebel forces will be found with any possible way of retreat Such is the situation.

Patrons of Husbandry.

WILLIAMS GROVE, August 25.—This morning opened fair and there was a large attendance at the exhibition of the Patrons of Husbandry, fully 15,000 people being upon the grounds. The dedication of the new grange hall was postponed owing to the absence of some of the national grange officers, and the exhibition formally opened with the meeting of the Dairyman's National Protective association. The sober subject of discussion during the afternoon was the suppression of the oleomargerine traffic. The speakers were Hon. Austin L. Taggert, of Montgomery county, Col E. M. Little, of Chicago, John I. Carter, of Chester, Eastburn Reeder, of Berks, and Luther R. Kauffman, of Philadelphia, attorney of the dairyman's association. It was shown that the traffic has been suppressed in Philadelphia.

Prohibitionists to Meet To-Day.

HARRISBURG, August 25.—To-morrow morning the state prohibition convention will be called to order at the opera house. There are many prominent members of the party here to-night and Chairman Patton, who was early on the ground, anticipates an attendance of 500 delegates from all parts of the state. The financial report submitted to the executive committee to-night shows the balance in the treasury of $400, with several thousand dollars in pledges. Either W. W. Ague, of Warren, or W. L. Heyden, of Centre county, will be the temporary chairman of the convention. The ticket, it is said, will likely be George Drayton, of Delaware county, for state treasurer, and Hague, of Warren, Ricketts of Luzerne or Ames, of Williamsport, for auditor general. There was a mass meeting held in the opera house to-night.

Railroaders to Enter Politics.

OMAHA Neb, August 26.—At a meeting of railroad employes last night an association which is destined to play an important part in the politics of this section, was organized. It is to be known as the Omaha Railroad Employe's club, and is a branch of an association of railroad employes which is being formed all over the western country. The parent organization is located at Minneapolis, and local clubs are being rapidly formed in Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Colorado, Missouri and Kansas A meeting of delegates will shortly be held to elect officers. One of the prime movers in the association said that there are about 20,000 railroad men in this state, and a thorough organization of there meant 40,000 votes.

Its objects are stated to be, to secure by the casting of votes, federal officials who will favor laws opposed to capital oppression

—Department Commander G. W. Boyer, G. A. R. of Pennsylvania, has issued orders to all G. A. R. posts, that complaint has been made to him of the violation of the approved act March 8th 1889, relating to all persons wearing the G. A. R. buttons. Unless entitled to wear the same the parties should be reported to the post and punished according to the act.

Money For Everybody.

TOPEKA, KAN., Aug. 20.—Alfred B. Westrup, of Chicago, who believes that there should be no government, held a secret meeting last night with a number of People's party and Alliance leaders in regard to a scheme for making money, which was so wild and daring that even the most radical of the new party theorists laughed it to scorn. Westrup believes it is possible to induce the Alliance to substitute "The Mutual Bank Propaganda" for the sub-Treasury plan and issue money on mules, horses and wheat without the consent of the Government and in defiance of its laws. For the past two or three days he has been interviewing the People's party and Alliance leaders and appointed a meeting in the law office of A. W. Mackey, law partner of the late Sam Wood.

He gathered the leaders around him in a mysterious fashion, and in his opening addrsss declared that he did not believe in government of any form. The Government did not have any more right to say that this coin or that piece of paper should be accepted in payment of a debt than any of its citizens and all the financial difficulties of the age could be easily remedied by a recognition of this theory. He wanted the People's party of Kansas, which had shown more progression in financial legislation than any party which had ever existed, to consider his scheme and embody it in their platform. To illustrate his scheme, he said that any number of men could associate themselves and put their effects, either real or personal, into a fund, issue notes for any amount, and by giving proper security, could force its acceptance in any community.

The objection which the People's party men found with the idea was in its non-recognition of the powers of Government. The People's party believes in an advanced paternalism and wants the Government to control everything. One of the men present at the meeting said: "We more than half suspect that the meeting was a scheme of the Chicago Anarchists to capture the People's Party. We gave Westrup no encouragement, but let him down as easy as possible."

Big Electrical Storm.

St. Paul., Minn., August 20.—Probably the greatest electrical storm that ever occured in St. Paul was that which struck the city at 1.15 o'clock this morning. Flashes of lightning followed each other with such rapidity for forty minutes that the town was almost constantly lit up with the glare. At intervals of two and three minutes great purple tongues of fire shot down through the clouds and appeared to entre the earth, out on the bluffs, with terrific reports.

The telephone telegraph and electric light wires running in to the newspaper buildings kept up a continual rattling and snapping, and little tongues and balls of fire at frequent intervals darted from them. The roar of the thunder was like that arising from some great battle.

A dispatch from Sanborn, N. D., says; A very destructive hail storm swept over a wide strip of country south of this place late yesterday afternoon, laying waste all the crops in its path. It is not known for a certainty how much damage was done, as the acres of grain has been totally destroyed. The grain is partially covered by insurance.

Workingmen in session.

Lancaster, Pa., August 20.—At to-day's session of the Pennsylvania branch of the Federation of Labor a resolution was adopted denouncing the Philadelphia Press for opposing the typographical unions throughout the state were called upon to boycott it and oppose Calwin Wells, its owner, for any office to which he may aspire. An increase of deputy factory inspectors to 12 was demanded.

The following officers for the ensuing year were elected: President Charles A. Miller, of Harrisburg; Vice Presidents, John M. Driver, George M. Uilrich, Philadelphia; W. H. Johnson, Punxsutawney; Secretary and Treasurer, J. S Johnson, Pittsburg. Chester was chosen as the place for next year's meeting.

By a vote of 21 to 18 the convention refused to name a committee to act in conjunction with the Knights of Labor, Socialistic Labor and Farmers' Alliance parties, in favor of a Constitutional Convention.

English Tributes.

LONDOO, August 20.—The tributes of the English press to the memory of the late James Russell Lowell continue to appear on all sides and are conspicuous for their sympathetic utterances. The daily newspapers, Punch, Truth and other weekly papers, all contain eulogistic articles referring to the dead poet.

The United States minister, Hon. Robt. T. Tincoln, has been officially informed that, Lord Salisbusy being on the continent, the premier had arranged to have a representative at the memorial service in Westminster Abbey in honor of the late James Russell Lowell, but that Lord Salisbury's wish to show respect to the memory of Mr. Lowell was frustrated by the service in Westminster abbey being held on Saturday, as had been originally announced. Many other distinguished people were unable to be present for the same reason.

Killed for Five Cents.

Jackson, Tenn., August 20.— A fatal quarrel occured eight miles south of this city last night. John Hardin, a farmer, accused his nephew, S. L. Edwards, of having spent five cents which the farmer had entrusted with the latter. Edwards resented the accusation by striking his uncle on the head with a piece of iron, whereupon Hardin jerked out his knife and stabbed him to the heart. Edwards died instantly. Hardin was arrested.

Her Pictur Appears on Her Gravestone.

Mendota (Ill.) Special to Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Ralph Shaffer died last spring. She had been married but a short time, and was one of the city belles. Mr. Shaeffer erected a fine monument to the memory of his dead wife, who was interred in her mother's burial lot. The youug woman's mother dislikes Shaeffer exceedingly and refused to allow him to have his wife's name engraved on the stone. Not wishing to have trouble with her, Shaeffer has not insisted on doing so.

Recently a distinct shadow of the late Mrs. Shaeffer appeared on the tombstone It grew until the shadow became lifesize. The mother was wroth, and had the monument makers rub the stone down with pumice, but they could not efface the shadow. At first sight the shape has as much resemblance to a man's form as a woman's but by a continued gaze one seems to see a woman's semi profile with bangs and with the hair done up at the back of the head. The neck and chin show plainly, as do also the shoulders, and there is a scarf about the neck. The features are distinct, and bear a remarkable resemblance to the dead wife. The shadow is eight inches wide and fourteen inches high, and is in the middle of the stone.

The Farmes' Encampment.

MOUNT GRETNA, August 20.—The frrmers' encampment was visited to.day by a vast concourse of people. The number has been placed by careful estimate at 35,000. Trains ran to and from the park every fifteen minutes all day. In the morning President James G. McSparron, of Lancaster county, introduced M.r J. Allman, director of the Pennsylvania state grange, and afterwards Mr. I. S. Frain, master of the Pomona grange, spoke. In the afternoon Hon. Marriott Brosius, of Lancaster. delivered an address- He was followed by General Hastings and G. W. Aherton, president of the Pennsylvania State college. This evening the single tax quustion was discussed by Mr. Stevens, of Philadelphia.

United Statei Senator-elect Peifer, of Kansas, has arrived. Congressman Jere Simpson also arrived this afternoon. He will speak to-morrow, but wrs prevailed upon to say something this afternoon. He made a very short address, in which he said it was a much mooted question whther or not I wear socks. I beg to assaure you that I do since I am a member of congress. I not only got the other fellow's socks but his shoes also.

Democrats to Meet.

HARRISBURG, August, 20.—A meeting of the executive committee of the democratic society of clubs met here this afternoon and decided that the Pittsburg convention should be held on the 20th of September. Those present at the meeting were: Chauncy F. Black, president; Major John D. Worman, secretary; Henry D. Greene, of Berks; Adolph Ficholtz, of Philadelphia; George F. Reynolds, of Lancaster; William A. Marr, of Schuylkill, James Kerr, of Clearfield; A. V. Dively, of Blair; E. H Rauch, of Carbon; John B. Larkin, of Allegheny; D. J. Boyle, of Pittsburg; James H. Healey, of Schuylkill. A committee was appointed to arrange the preliminaries of the convention.

Dr. Z. X. Snyder in a New Position.

INDIANA, PA., August 20.—Dr. Z. X. Snyder has resigned the principalship of the Indiana State Normal School to accept a similar position in the Greely, Col., Normal School at a salary of $5,000 per year Dr. Snyder was appointed Superintendent of Public Instruction by Governor Pattison, but the Senate refused to confirm Judge Simmonton, when the case went into court, held that Dr. Snyder was not, on account of the Senate's action, the superintendent, though appointed. The resignation will be accepted. No successor has been chosen, although there are several applications in.

What Virginia Farmers Want.

RICHMOND, Va., August 20.—The alliance convention to-day indorsed in its entirety the plank of the Ocala platform which says that the government shall establish sub-treasurers. The convention adopted this amendment: "And we further demand that our representatives in the United States congress be given to understand that unless they can agree to these demands they must give us something bet ter or as good.

A Sad Bereavement.

This morning Robert Sechler, the mail agent on the Lewisburg railway, departed from his home to go to Altoona to attend the funeral of his sister, Mrs. Margaret Ishler, and when near Bellefonte he received a telegram announcing the death of his little boy, at their home in Lewisburg. Mr. Sechler returned home on the next train.

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FOR SALE BY—C. M. Parish.

—Garman's opera house has been nicely cleaned and freshened up for the opening of the amusement season which begins on next Tuesday night, September the first, with the appearance of Frank Jones, in "Our Country Cousins." Everybody in Bellefonte will want to attend the first night. Watch the columns of the DAILY NEWS for their advertisement.

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"I certify that little Robbie Hale, of 466 Portland Avenue, St. Paul, was a thin, crying baby from his birth until he was given Castoria. He began to improve from the first week's trial. Has taken 13 bottles; is perfectly well; weighed 30 pounds the day he was 7 months old, and when this picture was taken. Robbie's changed condition has caused many mothers to use Castoria. It is the best thing for babies I have ever known."
FANNIE MULLAN, Professional Nurse.
466 Portland Ave.,
St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 4, 1887.

"This is a picture of my twins Charlie and William. It was taken when they were 5½ months old. They weigh 16 pounds each. I am indebted to Castoria for their uniform good health.
MRS. HERMINE SCHULZE.
1625 Lexington Ave.,
New York, May 18th, 887.

"I enclose you photograph of my 'triplets, 2 boys and 1 girl—Maggie, Petie and Willie. I owe their health and strength to Castoria. It was through my neighbors' urgent appeals that I commenced its use, as both my boys were thin and inclined to be sickly. At present they are fat and hearty, they weigh 8, 8½ and 9¼ pounds, and are 2 months and 3 days old."
MRS. MARY KLINGER.
726 Cortland Ave.,
New York, May 23d, 1887.

"I enclose you photograph of my quartette, 4 girls. They are now 7 weeks old. The smallest weighs 5 pounds, the others 8 pounds each. My other children have all gained health and strength from the use of Castoria, and I have already commenced giving it to my little darlings."
MRS. ANNA DEGROOTE.
Millbury, Mass., Nov. 15, 1888.

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TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

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— 1891 —

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J. C. LOVE, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office in rooms formerly occupied by the late Hon. Judge Hoy. jan'71-tf

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CLEMENT DALE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA. Office in Crider's new building corner of Allegheny and High streets. 16 45 tf

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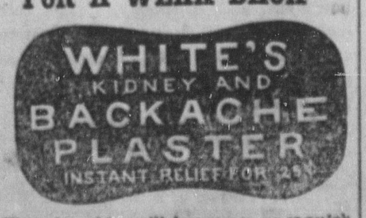

There is nothing will do a person up so quick as a weak back Women are the greatest sufferers from this trouble. You don't need a doctor to tell you that you have a weak back. When your back is weak it aches and aches without any let up, and a side ache is just about as bad or worse. Any lady who suffers from weak back or side should get one of our plasters. We could fill pages of testimonials from ladies all over the land who have found comfort and permanent relief from the use of our plaster, but be sure you get the genuine Every good thing is imitated. See that the shape is same as above, and made by the Rochester Drug Co., Rochester, N. Y. You will avoid disappointment. All druggists sell. Good

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ADDTIONAL LOCALS.

—Lots of strangers in town to-day.

—Rain on Sunday and rain to-day.

—Old hunters say squirrel will be scarce this season.

—Lecture in the Presbyterian chapel this evening.

—This is bad weather for sick infants. Watch them close.

—"Our Country Cousin's" one week from to-morrow evening.

—The rainy weather has played havoc with the picnic this summer.

—The State College base ball team was not even in it at Lock Haven.

—It isn't safe to go out of doors these times without an umbrella or two.

—Seme important impravements have been made in the Bellefonte postoffice.

—A new siding is being put in at the Centre Hall station on the Lewisburg railroad.

—Catcher Stewart got a ball knock with the ball on Saturday while playing with the Bellefonters.

—Governor Beaver's house on East Lamb street looks very nobby in its new coat of fresh paint.

—Centre Hallies want a telephone in the railroad depot at that place. It certainly would be a convenience.

—General Hastings will lecture in Philipsburg on September 25th, for the benefit of the Presbyterian church.

—Wednesday's Harrisburg convention was *not* a Quay convention. Chris Magee, however, seems to have gotten in his work.

—Bellefonte Castle, 357, K. of G. E. returned Thursday evening from Huntingdon. The members state having a good time.

—Funny, isn't it? but everywhere the commission to locate the new asylum goes, it is always "very favorably impressed."

—This morning an organ-grinder started up his machine on High street and it appeared as if he ground away continuously for about two hours.

—It is said that over about Oak Hall that pears are so plenty one can find them on most any kind of a tree, from an apple tree down to a gooseberry bush.

—Remember there is only a little more than one week remaining in which to get regeitered. If your name is not on the list you had better see to it at once.

—From present appearance cider will be plentier this fall than barrels. If you want one you had better soon engage a barrel or they will all be taken up.

—A brakesman on the Pennsylvania railroad says that a few days ago he saw two women tramps steal a ride just this side of Pittsburg. Hard luck, that.

—Three big entertainments in one week in September—the firemen's convention in Lock Haven; the granger' picnic and a number one show in Garman's opera house.

—A Business Men's jubilee is to be gotten up in this place to take place on October first for the benefit of the Young Men's Christian Association. Fuller particulars later.

—The managers of the Granger's picnic have declared that no form of gambling will be tolerated at the picnic this year. A good reform, if it is successfully carried out.

—It is said that some of Bellefonte's young society ladies go dressed in gowns made of material of filmy lightness and veil like quality. Their mamma's had better pen them up in a dark closet.

—Rev John Kershaw starts out on his trip through the Holy Land in the Presbyterian chapel this evening. Every reader of this paper may go with him for a very small amount. Go around and join the excursion.

—"When the cat's away, the mice will play." Rev. Dr. Laurie had better soon come home, judging frome the nice little time that was had at the residence of Mrs. William P. Wilson last Friday night, and all behind closed blinds, too.

—Invitations are out anouncing the marriage of Miss Grace E., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Wobbe, to Dr Harvey K. Hoy on September 3rd the ceremony to take place at 9.30 oclock a. m. in St. John's Epiccopal church, Allegheny street. At home after October first, at No. 23 West High street.

—The Juniata Valley Editorial association will have its eighth annual excursion next week. The excursionists will leave on sea shore express Monday morning in special cars, reaching Shenden, Virginia, about 9 o'clock that evening, where they will remain until Tuesday afternoon, when they will depart for Roanoke.

—Under the postal law Judge Shiras, of the United State's Court in session at Des Moines last week, fined a man $25 and costs for opening a letter addressed to his wife. The husband made the plea that it was from another man, but the court said that could not be considered. Husbands may be consoled by the knowledge that the ruling works both ways.

—The Pennsylvania railroad company was seized with a liberal spasm on Thursday and in consequence thereof two ten-candle-power electric lights were hung at the depot to light up the platform at night. It is a wonder sperm candles were not used. An arc light at the railroad crossing and one up at the baggage room is what there should have been.

"Rambler's" Musings.

SOME TELLING HINTS AND WISE DISCUSSIONS.

To practice what you preach is true religion and true christianity, if you preach the right thing, but to preach christianity with an abhorrence of all that's merry as among the evils, one should practice up to their sermon. The fact that on last Friday night in one of the fashionable houses on High street, where a gay social party of young folks were assembled, along toward midnight the blinds were drawn, the doors and shutters were closed and soon from within could be heard gay strains of the waltz, polka, schottische, etc., while the rat-a-tat-tat of pattering feet kept time to the intoxicating music was a certain sign that the hostess did not approve of the same, were it not otherwise well known that the lady is a stiff Presbyterian, opposed to dancing, card playing, and all such innocent amusements. Now I am no fanatic: I don't belive there is any harm in dancing, progressive euchre plying, or any such innocent amusement, just so long as harm is not made out of it. And what is there in this world that cannot be turned to bad if one is so constituted. More than one man has been arrested for going to church—not for the going, but because he failed to properly conduct himself after he was there. Now I don't want to criticise the hostess of Friday evening for allowing the young folks to dance, but I do wish to say that it is high time Rev. Dr. Laurie, is coming home or he may have a hard time gathering his sheep into the fold. "Practice what you preach." is a safe doctrine to follow, and if you can't adhere to that it were better not to preach.

***

Before the court house yard fence was removed everybody was condemnding the county commissioners for allowing such an eyecore to remain standing. Since it has been removed the yard has become both an eyesore and a footsore and now a new fence is wanted. This is all wrong; a new fence is not needed but a reform is badly needed. First the yard should be properly cleaned and fixed upcovered with concrete pavement or fixed equally as good, and then whenever a cow crosses into the sacred precincts the owner shonld be prosecuted for tresspass. Or better still, the borough might be prosecuted for allowing the cow to run at large, and this would probably induce some wise legislation.

***

While I am on the cow question I will just add that, according to the public verdict, the cow is a greater nuisance, is more damaging on the streets, than she is a good, even to the owners. Beside the danger to children and timid females she is a continual destroyer of valuable property. Boardwalks are broken, trees and shrubbery destroyed, fences broken down, beside the continual and everlasting filth on the streets, always reminding one of a rural barnyard. But there is hope for the weary; I have been informed that at the next meeting of town council one member has said he will introduce a resolution to pass an ordinance to prohibit cattle from running at large, while another member has said that he would second it support it well and vote for it. It is now only to be hoped the resolution will go through.

***

2 was out at the ball ground on Saturday and was somewhat curiously impressed by the sight of two pint bottles filled with whiskey protruding from the two hip pockets of a gentleman of swartly complexion, and I was constrained to wonder whether or not those bottles were purchased in Bellefonte or whether the possessor, who seemed to be happy, had brought them along with him from Philipsburg, the place of his residence. * * * After due consideration I have concluded that he brought them with him, for the reason that had it been Bellefonte whiskey he never could have carried two full bottles. RAMBLER.

In other Counties.

Mitchael Leetze, an Italian, unnoticed by the train men, crawled under the local freight, while it was standing near Hawk Run, Clearfield county, on Wednesday night last, and when the train started he was run over. He was taken to the Philipsburg hospital about midnight. The physicians found it necessary to amputate the man's right leg at the knee and his left fore arm about the middle.

Some time ago George W. Conn, of Hyndmad. Bedfurd county, was arrested on the charge of drunkenness. He was placed in the lock-up, and, having no money to pay his fine, was forced to work it out by breaking stone on the streets. Conn has now brought suit against Policeman Sharp, who arrested him, and Burgess Kramer, who imposed the penalty, for $2,500 damages, and has retained counsel to push his claim.

Owen Davis, a well-known resident at the First ward, Johnstown, was instantly killed Thursday evening, shortly after 8 o'clock by a Cambria engine. Mr. Davis was employed as a watchman by the company. He was formely and for many years a miner. His hearing was not good and it is supposed he neither heard nor saw the engine as he attempted to cross the track.

Jacob Rohm, proprietor of the flouring mills at Lycippus Westmoreland county on Thursday last died suddenly. He left the mill at 1 o'clock in the afternoon to get some eggs which were in the stable near by and had no sooner reached the building than he dropped dead. He was found several minutes later and carried to his residence, but the spark of his life had fled. His demise was due to heart disease. He was was aged about 70 years and leaves a wife and threechildren.

The Conservatory Of Music.

The annual Entrance Examinations of THE NATIONAL CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, Nos. 126 and 128 East 17th Street, New York, will be held as follows:

SINGING:—Sebtember 24th and 25th, 1891, from 9 a. m. to 12 m., 2 to 5 p. m.; from 8 to 10 p. m.

VIOLIN, 'CELLO, CONTRABASS, HARP, AND ALL OTHER ORCHESTRAL INSTRUMENTS;—September 28th, from 9 a. m. to 12 m., and 2 to 5 p. m.

PIANO AND ORGAN;—September 29th 9 a. m. to 12 m., and 2 to 5 p. m.

ORCHESTRA;—November 2d, from 4 to 6 p. m.

CHORUS;—November 4th, from 4 to 6 p. m.

OPERATIC CHORUS:—November 2d, from 8 to 10 p. m.

The object of the National Conservatory of Music being the advancement of Music in the United States through the development of American talent, applications for admission into the classes of the Conservatory are hereby invited. It is expected that positive aptitude shall be shown by the candidates for admission, with regard to the applicant's stage of progress, and that his or her desire to receive the instruction imparted in the Conservatory shall be the outcome of a serious and well-defined purpose. The successful candidates will enjoy the tuition of the best teachers that can be engaged, and, after graduation, will be afforded opportunities of making known their accomplishments, thus securing engagements. The conditions of admission as to fees, etc., (varying according to the classification of the pupil), are determined by the Board of Directors. Instruction in all branches will be given free to students whose talent and circumstances warrant it. The course embrace tuition in Singing, Operatic and Miscellaneous, Solfeggio, Stage Deportment, Elocution, Fencing and Italian, Piano, Organ, Harp, Violin, Trombone, Harmony; Counterpoint and Composition History of Music Chamber Music, Orchestra and Chorus.

For further particulars, address

CHARLES INSLEE PARDEE, A. M.,
Secretary

Unionville Items.

The weather has been so wet for some days it has been with difficulty that farmers could get their oats gathered. Some report their oats growing in the sheaf.

The fruit crop in this locality has not been equalled for many years. The apple trees are breaking down under a load of fine, large fruit.

Wm. P. Fisher, the fruit grower, is fairly wading in fruit and his cider mill is daily humming.

The teachers for the winter schools have been chosen. A Mr. Hiercough for the grammar school and Miss Nettie Lucas for the primary. A third grade is a much needed improvement in our borough school.

Mrs. Mary Hoover and Miss Elda Hoover are off on a trip to Atlantic City to see the ocean wave and hear the mosquitoes sing.

William P. Fisher, Jr., now of New York City, is expected home this week on a visit.

George Tovell, who has been on a bed of sickness for nearly a year, died on the 21st, and on Saturday was interred in the Unionville cemetery, Rev. Elliott officiating at the funeral. The Odd Fellows also took an active part in the ceremonies.

A small grand-child of Robert Blair was buried on Sunday, the 23rd.

J. Cleaver has been underdraining some of his creek bottom land and finds an excellent quality of tough blue clay, which, no doubt, would be valuable for manufacturing purposes. J

He Got His Initiation.

It is a custom sacred almost as law among members of the National Guard of this state to initiate all new members who join their ranks. Company B, of Bellefonte, had several new recruits when they started for camp Kensington, and all these had to be passed through the trying ordeal by being sent sky-ward from a huge blanket which has no less than sixty strong rope handles around its edge, and there is generally a man at each handle. All except one, Edgar Burnside, of Bellefonte, who, by mistake, was neglected, and on the way home boasted of his good fortune. This aggravated the soldier boys and this place was no sooner reached than the hugh blanket was produced and to the amusement of hundreds of people he was seen to be grasping the atmosphere at an elevation of at least twenty feet, which afforded him an elegant opportunity of taking a birds eye view of Tyrone and adjacent country. Of course he took several excursions of this nature into the ethereal regions, in rapid succession. It was sport for the boys but Edgar considered it rather embarrasing. He was not heard making any boasts after that on his way home and now considers himself a horoughly initiated man.—Tyrone *Times*.

—On Saturday Overseer of the poor, James I. McClure, with the assistance of Constable Montgomery and Garis moved the Briner family from Bellefont to Blair county, the place where they properly belong, so long as they are a charge.

Saturday's Ball Game.

On Saturday the Bellfeonte ball club and the Centre club indulged in a game on the gass works meadow grounds. The battery for the Bellefonte club was Atherton and Stewart, of Stewart's nine, State College; as was also the record baseman and centre fielder. Woodcock played short stop and McKnight first base. For the centre club Saylor and Yeager were the battery, J. E. Rose, shortstop, Cruse, first base and Harper second base.

Game was called at 3.30 with the Bellefonte club at the bat. By the time they were put out they had three runs scored to their credit. The Centre club was put out with out even making second base and it looked as if the Bellefonte were going to have an easy time of it, but when they came to the bat again the side was put out without even making first base. In the third inning the Centre club scored one run and soon after they managed to get three more to their credit. At the beginning of the eighth the score stood 5to 4 in favor of the Centre club. In the 8th inning the Bellefonte club tied the score. At the ending of the ninth the score was still a tie and the umpire called to bat for the tenth. This was unfortunate for the Centers, as their battery was tired an in this inning became somewhat rattled allowing their opponents to make three runs. When the Centre came to the bat they were put out without making a run thus leaveing the score at the close of the game 8 to 5 in favor of Bellefonte. The game lasted until after 6 o'clock.

The next game of ball to be played in Bellefonte will be on Thursday, the 27th, when the Clearfield club will come over to cross bats with the home team.

Spots on the Sun.

Astronomers have this summer discovered an extraordinarily large number of spots on the sun, and predictions are made of severe atmospheric disturbances. Weather predictions are an uncertain quantity, however, and there's no cause for worry. One thing is certain, Klein's celebrated brands of "Silver Age" and Duquesne" pure rye whiskies are gaining in public favor every day. A reliable stimulant should always be kept in the house, more especially in summer, when sudden sickness is liable to attack us. "Silver Age" sells at $1.50 and "Duquesne" at $1.25 per full quart. Both are indorsed and prescribed by physicians. You can have Gibson, Finch, Guckenheimer or Overholt at $1.00 per quart, or six quarts for $5.00. Try Klein's Blackberry brandy, pure juice of the berry, $1.00 per quart. Goods promptly shipped to all parts of the country. Send for complete catalogue and price list, mentioning this paper.

MAX KLEIN,
82 Federal Street, Allegheny, Pa.

Light in Sunbury.

On Monday night the Borough Council of Sunbury opened bids for lighting the streets of that town the coming year with electric lights. The Sunbury *Daily* says: The Edison Illuminating company of Sunbury bid $75 a light, the Sunbury power company $90 per light, J. R. Kutz $65 a light, and G. H. Grove, of Williamsport, $48 a light. Grove was awarded the contract. There are 40 lights of 2000 candle power in Sunbury. The price paid for the lights now is $55 a year for each one.

How does the above compare with the $96 per light a year that Bellefonte is paying?

To Our Subscribers.

The special Announcement which appears in our columns some time since, announcing a special arrangement with Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., of Enosburgh Falls, Vt., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," whereby our subscribers were enabled to obtain a copy of that valuable work free by sending their address to B. J. Kendall Co. (and enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) is renewed for a limited period. We trust all will avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining this valuable work. To every lover of the Horse it is indispensable, as it treats in a simple manner all the diseases which afflict this noble animal. Its phenomenal sale throughout the United States and Canada, make it standard authority. Mention this paper when sending for "Treatise." a 6—11t.

Successful Graduation.

A letter dated Aug. 17th brings news of the graduation of Miss Virginia Orvis, of Beech Creek, from the Normal school of Physical Culture, at Chautauqua. The diplomas were given in the ampitheatre in the presence of over ten thousand people. Miss Orvis intends to teach physical culture, for which she is well prepared, as she attended a course of lectures in New York before visiting Chautauqua.

Miss Orvis is a daughter of the late Rev. Edward Orvis and a niece of ex-Judge Jno H. Orvis, of this place.

The Parent of Insomnia.

The parents of insomnia or wakefulness is in nine cases out of ten a dyspeptic stomach. Good digestion gives sound sleep, indigestion interferes with it. The brain and stomach sympathize. One of the prominent symptons of a weak state of the gastric organs is a disturbance of the great nerve entrepot, the brain. Invigorate the stomach, and you restore equilibrium to the great centre. A most reliable medicine for the purpose is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is far preferable to mineral sedatives and powerful narcotics which, though they may for a time exert a soporific influence upon the brain, soon cease to act and invariable injure the tone of the stomach. The bitters on the contrary, restore activity to the operation of this all important organ and their beneficent influence is reflected in sound sleep and a tranquil state of the nervous system. A wineglassful before retiring will likewise give to the action of the liver and bowels a regular tone.

—Dog papers are after the owners to get their dogs licensed as little now. The Philadelphia *Times* on Saturday said: "Mr. D. Bates Bell, of Dubois, and whose business is principally insurance, is at the Lafayette. Mr. Bell is a brother of the Rev. J. Vernon Bell, the Presbyterian minister who has created such a furore around through Clearfield county. Mr. Bell is also an elder in the Dubois Presbyterian church."

LADIES

In delicate health, the result of irregularity of the natural functions, or of any of the ills peculiar to your sex, if you will write me, I will send you full information in regard to my cure, together with a few samples of the genuine testimonials I have received from thousands of thankful women. The M. U. Pastilles have stood the test of 18 years in a very extensive medical practice and have never failed to give beneficial results. Sample 12 cents; full box $1.00. Do not fail to learn more of them at once. Dr. H. H. Jackson, 103, State Street, Chicago, Ill. jy 30—1y

—There are about a half a dozen young men (colored) who congregate on the ball grounds every time a game is played seemingly with no other purpose in view than create a disturbance. If these same were arrested once or twice and made to pay a fine they would then, more than likely, conduct themselves in a more decent, if not gentlemanly, way.

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HORSE AND CATTLE
POWDERS
TRADE MARK.
CONTAINS NO POISON

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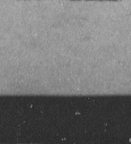

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There is no [illegible] disease that [illegible] ability of [illegible] to [illegible] such.

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and its singular [illegible] RATIVE, [illegible] your organs and renders it the [illegible]

THE DEADLY MICROBE A [illegible] PRESENT IN

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In malarial diseases, cholera, consumption, intermittent fevers, [illegible] is the power as a germicide [illegible]

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A [illegible] to [illegible] and [illegible] necessary to [illegible] the liver, blood, [illegible] of the [illegible] that [illegible] to [illegible] and [illegible] a bottle of

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THE LIGHT THAT FAILED
BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

CHAPTER I.

So we settled it all when the storm was done,
As comf'y as comf'f could be;
And I was to wait in the barn, my dears,
Because I was only three,
And Teddy would run to the rainbow's feet,
Because he was five and a man;
And that's how it all began, my dears,
And that's how it all began.
Big Barn Stories.

"What do you think she'd do if she caught us! We oughtn't to have it, you know," said Maisie.

"Beat me, and lock you up in your bedroom," Dick answered, without hesitation. "Have you got the cartridges?"

"Yes; they're in my pocket, but they are joggling horribly. Do pin-fire cartridges go off of their own accord?"

"Don't know. Take the revolver, if you are afraid, and let me carry them."

"I'm not afraid." Maisie strode forward swiftly, a hand in her pocket and her chin in the air. Dick followed with a small pin-fire revolver.

The children had discovered that their lives would be unendurable without pistol practice. After much forethought and self-denial, Dick had saved seven shillings and sixpence, the price of a badly constructed Belgian revolver. Maisie could only contribute half a crown to the syndicate for the purchase of a hundred cartridges. "You can save better than I can, Dick," she explained; "I like nice things to eat, and it doesn't matter to you. Besides, boys ought to do these things."

Dick grumbled a little at the arrangement, but went out and made the purchases, which the children were then on their way to test. Revolvers did not lie in the scheme of their daily life as decreed for them by the guardian who was incorrectly supposed to stand in the place of a mother to these two orphans. Dick had been under her care for six years, during which time she had made her profit of the allowances supposed to be expended on his clothes and, partly through thoughtlessness, partly through a natural desire to pain—she was a widow of some years, anxious to marry again—had made his days burdensome on his young shoulders. Where he had looked for love she gave him first aversion and then hate. Where he, growing older, had sought a little sympathy, she gave him ridicule. The many hours that she could spare from the ordering of her small house she devoted to what she called the home training of Dick Heldar. Her religion, manufactured in the main by her own intelligence and an ardent study of the Scriptures, was an aid to her in this matter. At such times as she herself was not personally displeased with Dick she left him to understand that he had a heavy account to settle with his Creator; wherefore Dick learned to loathe his God as intensely as he loathed Mrs. Jennett; and this is not a wholesome frame of mind for the young. Since she chose to regard him as a hopeless liar, when dread of pain drove him to his first untruth he naturally developed into a liar, but an economical and self-contained one, never throwing away the least unnecessary fib, and never hesitating at the blackest, if it were only plausible, that might make his life a little easier. The treatment taught him at least the power of living alone—a power that was of service to him when he went to the public school and the boys laughed at his clothes, which were poor in quality and much mended. In the holidays he returned to the teachings of Mrs. Jennett, and, that the chain of discipline might not be weakened by association with the world, was generally beaten, on one count or another, before he had been twelve hours under her roof.

The autumn of one year brought him a companion in bondage, a long-haired, gray-eyed little atom, as self-contained as himself, who moved about the house silently, and for the first few weeks spoke, only to the goat, that was her chiefest friend on earth and lived in the back garden. Mrs. Jennett objected to the goat on the grounds that he was un-Christian, which he certainly was. "Then," said the atom, choosing her words very deliberately, "I shall write to my lawyer-peoples and tell them that you are a very bad woman. Amomma is mine, mine, mine!" Mrs. Jennett made a movement to the hall, where certain umbrellas and canes stood in a rack. The atom understood as clearly as Dick what this meant. "I have been beaten before," she said, still in the same passionless voice; "I have been beaten worse than you can ever beat me. If you beat me I shall write to my lawyer-peoples and tell them that you do not give me enough to eat. I am not afraid of you." Mrs. Jennett did not go into the hall, and the atom, after a pause to assure herself that all danger of war was past, went out to weep bitterly on Amomma's neck.

Dick learned to know her as Maisie, and at first mistrusted her profoundly, for he feared that she might interfere with the small liberty of action left to him. She did not, however, and she volunteered no friendliness until Dick had taken the first steps. Long before the holidays were over the stress of punishment shared in common drove the children together, if it were only to play into each other's hands as they prepared lies for Mrs. Jennett's use. When Dick returned to school Maisie whispered: "Now I shall be all alone to take care of myself; but"—and she nodded her head bravely—"I can do it. You promised to send Amomma a brass collar. Send it soon." A week later she asked for that collar by return of post, and was not pleased when she learned that it took time to make it. When at last Dick forwarded the gift she forgot to thank him for it.

Many holidays had come and gone since that day, and Dick had grown into a lanky hobbledehoy, more than ever conscious of his bad clothes. Not for a moment had Mrs. Jennett relaxed her tender care of him, but the average canings of a public school—Dick fell under punishment about three times a month—filled him with contempt for her powers. "She doesn't hurt," he explained to Maisie, who urged him to rebellion, "and she is kinder to you after she has whacked me." Dick shambled through the days unkempt in body and savage in soul, as the smaller boys of the school soon learned to know, for when the spirit moved him he would hit them, cunningly and with science. The same spirit made him more than once try to tease Maisie, but the girl refused to be made unhappy. "We are both miserable as it is," said she. "What is the use of trying to make things worse? Let's find things to do, and forget things."

The pistol was the outcome of the search. It could only be used in the muddiest foreshore of the beach, far away from bathing machines and pier heads, below the grassy slopes of Fort Keeling. The tide ran out nearly two miles on that coast, and the many-colored mud banks, touched by the sun sent up a lamentable smell of dead weed. It was late in the afternoon when Dick and Maisie arrived on their ground, Ammoma trotting patiently behind.

"Mf!" said Maisie, sniffing the air. "I wonder what makes the sea so smelly. I don't like it."

"You never like anything that isn't made just for you," said Dick, bluntly. "Give me the cartridges, and I'll try first shot. How far does one of these little revolvers carry?"

"Oh, half a mile," said Maisie, promptly. "At least it makes an awful noise. Be careful with the cartridges; I don't like those jagged stick-up things on the rim. Dick, do be careful."

"All right. I know how to load. I'll fire at the breakwater out there."

He fired, and Amomma ran away bleating. The bullet threw up a spurt of mud to the right of the weed-wreathed piles.

"Throws high and to the right. You try, Maisie. Mind, its loaded all 'round."

Maisie took the pistol and stepped delicately to the verge of the mud, her hand firmly closed on the butt, her left eye and mouth screwed up. Dick sat down on a tuft of bank and laughed. Amomma returned very cautiously. He was accustomed to strange experiences in his afternoon walks, and, finding the cartridge box unguarded, made investigations with his nose. Maisie fired, but could not see where the bullet went.

"I think it hit the post," she said, shading her eyes and looking out across the sailless sea.

"I know it has gone out to the Merizion Bell Buoy," said Dick with a chuckle. "Fire low, and to the left; then perhaps you'll get it. Oh, look at Amomma! he's eating the cartridges!"

Maisie turned the revolver in her hand just in time to see Amomma scampering away from the pebbles Dick threw after him. Nothing is sacred to a billy-goat. Being well fed and the adored of his mistress, Amomma had naturally swallowed two loaded pin-fire cartridges. Maisie hurried up to assure herself that Dick had not miscounted the tale.

"Yes, he's eaten two."

"Horrid little beast! Then they'll joggle about inside him and blow up, and serve him right * * * Oh, Dick! have I killed you!"

Revolvers are tricky things for young hands to deal with. Maisie could not explain how it had happened, but a veil of reeking smoke separated her from Dick, and she was quite certain that the pistol had gone off in his face. Then she heard him sputter, and dropped on her knees beside him, crying, "Dick, you aren't hurt, are you! I didn't mean it."

"Of course you didn't," said Dick, emerging from the smoke and wiping his cheek. "But you nearly blinded me. That powder stuff stings awfully." A neat little splash of gray lead on a stone showed where the bullet had gone. Maisie began to whimper.

"Don't," said Dick, jumping to his feet and shaking himself. "I'm not a bit hurt."

"No, but I might have killed you," protested Maisie, the corners of her mouth drooping. "What should I have done then!"

"Gone home and told Mrs. Jennett." Dick grinned at the thought; then softening, "Please don't worry about it. Besides, we are wasting time. We've got to get back to tea. I'll take the revolver a bit."

Maisie would have wept on the least encouragement, but Dick's indifference, albeit his hand was shaking as he picked up the pistol, restrained her. She lay panting on the beach while Dick methodically bombarded the breakwater. "Got it at last!" he exclaimed, as a lock of weed flew from the wood.

"Let me try," said Maisie, imperiously. "I'm all right now." They fired in turns till the rickety little revolver nearly shook itself to pieces, and Amomma the outcast—because he might blow up at any moment—browsed in the background and wondered why stones were thrown at him. Then they found a balk of timber floating in a pool which was commanded by the seaward slope of Fort Keeling, and they sat down together before this new target.

"Next holidays," said Dick, as the now thoroughly fouled revolver kicked wildly in his hand, 'we'll get another pistol—central fire, that will carry further."

"There won't be any next holidays for me," said Maisie. "I'm going away."

"Where to?"

"I don't know. My lawyers have written to Mrs. Jennett, and I've got to be educated somewhere—in France, perhaps—I don't know where; but I shall be glad to go away."

"I shan't like it a bit. I suppose I shall be left. Look here, Maisie, is it really true you're going? Then these holidays will be the last I shall see anything of you; and I go back to school next week. I wish——"

The young blood turned his cheeks scarlet. Maisie was picking grass tufts and throwing them down the slope at a yellow sea poppy nodding all by itself to the illimitable levels of mud flats and the milk-white sea beyond.

"I wish," she said, after a pause, "that I could see you again some time. You wish that too?"

"Yes, but it would have been better if—if—you had—shot straight over there—down by the breakwater."

Maisie looked with large eyes for a moment. And this was the boy who only ten days before had decorated Amomma's horns with cut-paper frills and turned him out, a bearded derision, among the public ways! Then she dropped her eyes; this was not the boy.

"Don't be stupid," she said reprovingly, and with swift instinct attacked the side issue. "How selfish you are! Just think what I should have felt if that horrid thing had killed you! I'm quite miserable enough already."

"Why? Because you're going away from Mrs. Jennett!"

"No."

"From me, then!"

No answer for a long time. Dick dared not look at her. He felt though he did not know, all that the past four years had been to him, and this the more acutely since he had no knowledge to put his feelings in words.

"I don't know," she said. "I suppose it is".

"Maisie, you must know. I'm not supposing."

"Let's go home," said Maisie, weakly.

But Dick was not minded to retreat.

"I can't say things," he pleaded, "and I'm awfully sorry for teasing you about Amomma the other day. It's all different now, Maisie, can't you see? And you might have told me that you were going, instead of leaving me to find out."

"You didn't. I did tell. Oh, Dick, what's the use of worrying!"

"Let's go home," said Maisie, weakly.

"There isn't any; but we've been together years and years, and I didn't know how much I cared."

"I don't believe you ever did care."

"No, I didn't but I do. I care awfully now, Maisie," he gulped—"Maisie, darling, say you care too, please."

"I do; indeed I do; but it won't be any use."

"Why!"

"Because I am going away."

"Yes, but if you promise before you go. Only say—will you?" A second "darling" came to his lips more easily than the first. There were few endearments in Dick's home or school life; he had to find them by instinct. Dick took the little hand, blackened with the escaped gas of the revolver.

"I promise," she said, solemnly; "but if I care there is no need of promising."

"And do you care?" For the first time in the past few minutes their eyes met and spoke for them who had no skill of speech.

"Oh, Dick, don't! please don't! It was all right when we said good morning; but now it's all different!" Amomma looked on from afar. He had seen his property quarrel frequently but he had never seen kisses exchanged before. The yellow seapoppy was wiser, and nodded its head approvingly. Considered as a kiss, that was a failure, but since it was the first, other than those demanded by duty, in all the world that either had given or taken, it opened to them new worlds and every one of them glorious, so that they were lifted above the consideration of any worlds at all, especially those in which tea is necessary, and sat still, holding each other's hands and saying not a word.

"You can't forget now," said Dick at last. There was that on his cheek that stung more than gunpowder.

"I shouldn't have forgotten any how," said Maisie, and they looked at each other and saw that each was changed from the companion of an hour ago to a wonder and a mystery they could not understand. The sun began to set, and a night wind thrashed along the bents of the foreshore.

"We shall be awfully late for tea," said Maisie. "Let's go home."

"Let's use the rest of the cartridges first," said Dick; and he helped Maisie down the slope of the fort to the sea—a descent she was quite capable of accomplishing at full speed. Equally gravely Maisie took the grimy hand. Dick bent forward clumsily; Maisie drew her hand away, and Dick blushed.

"It's very pretty," he said.

"Pooh!" said Maisie, with a little laugh of gratified vanity. She stood close to Dick as he loaded the revolver for the last time and fired across the sea with a vague notion at the back of his head that he was protecting Maisie from all the evils in the world. A puddle far across the mud caught the last rays of the sun and turned it into a wrathful red disk. The light held Dick's attention for a moment, and as he raised his revolver there fell upon him a renewed sense of the miraculous, in that he was standing by Maisie, who had promised to care for him for an indefinite length of time till such date as—— A gust of the growing wind drove the girl's long black hair across his face as she stood with her hand on his shoulder calling Amomma "a little beast," and for a moment he was in the dark—a darkness that stung. The bullet went singing out to the empty sea.

"Spoilt my aim," said he, shaking his head. "There aren't any more cartridges; we shall have to run home." But they did not run. They walked very slowly, arm in arm. And it was a matter of indifference to them whether the neglected Amomma, with two pin-fire cartridges in his inside, blew up or trotted beside them; for they had come into a golden heritage and were disposing of it with all the wisdom of all their years.

"And I shall be——" quoth Dick, valiantly. Then he checked himself: "I don't know what I shall be. I don't seem to be able to pass any exams., but I can make awful caricatures of the master. Ho! ho!"

"Be an artist, then," said Maisie. "You're always laughing at my trying to draw; and it will do you good."

"I'll never laugh at anything you do," he answered. "I'll be an artist, and I'll do things."

"Artists always want money, don't they!"

"I've got a hundred and twenty pounds a year of my own. My guardians tell me I'm to have it when I come of age. That will be enough to begin with."

"Ah, I'm rich," said Maisie. "I've got three hundred a year all my own when I'm twenty-one. That is why Mrs. Jennett is kinder to me than she is to you. I wish, though, that I had somebody that belonged to me—just a father or a mother."

"You belong to me," said Dick, "for ever and ever."

"I know I do. It's very nice." She squeezed his arm. The kindly darkness hid them both, and, emboldened because he could only just see the profile of Maisie's cheek with the long lashes veiling the gray eyes, Dick at the front door delivered himself of the words he had been boggling over for the last two hours.

"And I—love you, Maisie," he said, in a whisper that seemed to him to ring across the world—the world that he would to-morrow or the next day set out to conquer.

There was a scene, not, for the sake of discipline, to be reported, when Mrs. Jennett would have fallen upon him, first for disgraceful unpunctuality, and secondly for nearly killing himself with a forbidden weapon.

"I was playing with it and it went off by itself," said Dick, when the powder-pocked cheek could no longer be hidden, "but if you think you're going to lick me you're wrong. You are never going to touch me again. Sit down and give me my tea. You can't cheat us out of that, anyhow."

Mrs. Jennett gasped and became livid. Maisie said nothing, but encouraged Dick with her eyes, and he behaved abominably all that evening. Mrs. Jennett prophesied an immediate judgment of Providence and a descent into Tophet later, but Dick walked in Paradise and would not hear. Only when he was going to bed Mrs. Jennett recovered and asserted herself. He had bidden Maisie good night with down-dropped eyes and from a distance.

"If you aren't a gentleman you might try to behave like one," said Mrs. Jennett, spitefully. "You've been quarrelling with Maisie again."

This meant that the regulation good-night kiss had been omitted. Maisie, white to the lips, thrust her cheek forward with a fine air of indifference, and was duly pecked by Dick, who tramped out of the room as red as fire. That night he dreamed a wild dream. He had won all the world and brought it to Maisie in a cartridge box, but she turned it over with her foot, and, instead of saying, "Thank you," cried:

"Where is the brass collar you promised for Amomma? Oh, how selfish you are!"

CHAPTER II.

Then we brought the lances down, then the bugles blew,
When we went to Kandahar, ridin' two an' two,
Ridin', ridin,' ridin,' two an' two,
Ta-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra,
All the way to Kandahar, ridin' two an' two.
—Barrack Room Ballad.

"I'm not angry with the British public, but I do wish we had a few thousand of them scattered among these rocks. They wouldn't be in such a hurry to get at their morning papers, then. Can't you imagine the regulation householder—Lover of Justice, Constant Reader, Paterfamilias, and all that lot—frizzling on hot gravel!"

"With a blue veil over his head, and his clothes in strips. Has any man here a needle? I've got a piece of sugar sack."

"I'll lend you a packing needle for six square inches of it, then. Both my knees are worn through."

"Why not six square acres, while you're about it! But lend me the needle, and I'll see what I can do with the selvage. I don't think there's enough to protect my royal body from the cold blast as it is. What are you doing with that everlasting sketch book of yours, Dick?"

"Study of our Special Correspondent repairing his wardrobe," said Dick, gravely, as the other man kicked off a pair of sorely worn riding breeches and began to fit a square of coarse canvas over the most obvious open space. He grunted disconsolately as the vastness of the void developed itself.

"Sugar bags, indeed! Hi! you pilot man there! Lend me all the sails of that whaleboat."

A fez-crowned head bobbed up in the stern sheets, divided itself into exact halves with one flashing grin, and bobbed down again. The man of the battered breeches, clad only in a Norfolk jacket and a gray flannel shirt, went on with his clumsy sewing, while Dick chuckled over his sketch.

Some twenty whaleboats were nuzzling a sand bank which was dotted with English soldiery of half a dozen corps, bathing or washing their clothes. A heap of boat rollers, commissariat boxes, sugar bags, and flour and small-arm ammunition cases showed where one of the whaleboats had been compelled to unload hastily; and a regimental carpenter was swearing aloud as he tried, on a wholly insufficient allowance of white lead, to plaster up the sun-parched gaping seams of the boat herself.

"First the bloomin' rudder snaps," said he to the world in general; "then the mast goes; an' then, s' 'elp me, when she can't do nothin' else, she opens 'erself out like a cock-eyed Chinese lotus."

"Exactly the case with my breeches, whoever you are," said the tailor without looking up. "Dick, I wonder when I shall see a decent shop again."

There was no answer save the incessant angry murmur of the Nile as it raced round a basalt-walled bend and foamed across a rock ridge half a mile up stream. It was as though the brown weight of the river would drive the white men back to their own country. The indescribable weight of the Nile mud in the air told that the stream was falling, and that the next few miles would be no light thing for the whaleboats to overpass. The desert ran down almost to the banks, where, among gray, red, and black hillocks, a camel corps was encamped. No man dared even for a day lose touch of the slow-moving boats; there had been no fighting for weeks past, and throughout all that time the Nile had never spared them. Rapid had followed rapid, rock rock, and island island, till the rank and file had long since lost all count of direction and very nearly of time. They were moving somewhere, they did not know why, to do something, they did not know what. Before them lay the Nile, and at the other end of it was one Gordon, fighting for the dear life, in a town called Khartoum. There were columns of British troops in the desert, or in one of the many deserts; there were columns on the river, there were yet more columns waiting to embark on the river; there were fresh drafts waiting at Assiut and Assuan; there were lies and rumors running over the face of the hopeless land from Suakim to the Sixth Cataract, and men supposed generally that there must be some one in authority to direct the general scheme of the many movements. The duty of that particular river column was to keep the whaleboats afloat in the water, to avoid trampling on the villagers' crops when the gangs "tracked" the boats with lines thrown from midstream, to get as much sleep and food as was possible, and, above all, to press on without delay in the teeth of the churning Nile.

With the soldiers sweated and toiled the correspondents of the newspapers, and they were almost as ignorant as their companions. But it was above all things necessary that England at breakfast should be amused and thrilled and interested, whether Gordon lived or died, or half the British army went to pieces in the sands. The Soudan campaign was a picturesque one and lent itself to vivid word painting. Now and again a "Special" managed to get slain—which was not altogether a disadvantage to the paper that employed him—and more often the hand-to-hand nature of the fighting allowed of miraculous escapes which were worth telegraphing home at eighteen-pence the word. There were many correspondents with many corps and columns—from the veterans who had followed on the heels of the cavalry that occupied Cairo in '82, what time Arabi Pasha called himself King, who had seen the first miserable work round Suakim when the sentries were cut up nightly and the scrub swarmed with spears, to youngsters jerked into the business at the end of a telegraph wire to take the place of their betters killed or invalided.

Among the seniors—those who knew every shift and change in the perplexing postal arrangements, the value of the seediest, weediest Egyptian garron offered for sale in Cairo or Alexandria, who could talk a telegraph clerk into amiability, and soothe the ruffled vanity of a newly appointed staff officer when press regulations became burdensome—was the man in the flannel shirt, the black-browed Torpenhow. He represented the Central Southern Syndicate in the campaign, as he had represented it in the Egyptian war and elsewhere. The syndicate did not concern itself greatly with criticisms of attack and the like. It supplied the masses, and all it demanded was picturesqueness and abundance of detail. There is more joy in England over one soldier who insubordinately steps out of the square to rescue a comrade than over twenty Generals slaving even to baldness over the gross details of transport and commissariat.

He had met at Suakim a young man, sitting on the edge of a recently abandoned redoubt about the size of a hat box, sketching a clump of shell-torn bodies on the gravel plain.

"What are you for?" said Torpenhow. The formula of the correspondent is that of the commercial traveller on the road.

"My own hand," said the young man, without looking up. "Have you any tobacco?"

Torpenhow waited till the sketch was finished, and when he had looked at it said: "What's your business here?"

"Nothing. There was a row, so I came. I'm supposed to be doing something down at the painting slips among the boats, or else I'm in charge of the condenser on one of the water ships. I've forgotten which."

"You've cheek enough to build a redoubt with," said Torpenhow, and took stock of the new acquaintance. "Do you always draw like that?"

The young man produced more sketches. "Row on a Chinese pig boat," said he, sententiously, showing them one after another. "Chief mate dirked by a comprador—Junk ashore off Hakodate—Somali muleteer being flogged—Star shell bursting over camp at Berbera—Slave dhow being chivied round Tajurrah Bay—Soldier lying dead in the moonlight outside Suakim—throat cut by Fuzzies."

"H'm!" said Torpenhow, "can't say I care for Verestchagin-and-water myself, but there is no accounting for tastes. Doing anything now, are you?"

"No. Amusing myself here."

Torpenhow looked at the aching desolation of the place. "'Faith, you've queer notions of amusement. Got any money?"

"Enough to go on with. Look here, do you want me to do war work?"

"I don't. My syndicate may, though. You can draw more than a little, and I don't suppose you care much what you get, do you?"

"Not this time. I want my chance first."

Torpenhow looked at the sketches again and nodded. "Yes, you're right to take your first chance when you can get it."

He rode away swiftly through the Gate of the Two War Ships, rattled across the causeway into the town, and wired to his syndicate: "Got man here, picture work. Good and cheap. Shall I arrange? Will do letter press with sketches."

The man on the redoubt sat swinging his legs and murmuring: "I knew the chance would come sooner or later. By God, they'll have to sweat for it if I come through this business alive!"

In the evening Torpenhow was able to announce to his friend that the Central Southern Agency was willing to take him on trial, paying expenses for three months. "And, by the way, what's your name?" said Torpenhow.

"Heldar. Do they give me a free hand?"

"They've taken you on chance. You justify the choice. You'd better stick to me. I'm going up-country with a column, and I'll do what I can for you. Give me some of your sketches taken here, and I'll send 'em along." To himself he said: "That's the best bargain the Central Southern has ever made and they got me cheaply enough."

So it came to pass that, after some purchase of horse flesh and arrangements financial and political, Dick was made free of the New and Honorable Fraternity of war correspondents, who all possess the inalienable right of doing as much work as they can and getting as much for it as Providence and their owners shall please. To these things are added in time, if the brother be worthy, the power of glib speech that neither man nor woman can resist when a meal or a bed is in question, the eye of a horse-coper, the skill of a cook, the constitution of a bullock, the digestion of an ostrich, and an infinite adaptability to all circumstances. But many die before they attain to this degree, and the past masters in the craft appear for the most part in dress clothes when they are in England, and thus is their glory hidden from the multitude.

Dick followed Torpenhow wherever the latter's fancy chose to lead him, and between the two they managed to accomplish some work that almost satisfied themselves. It was not an easy life in any way, and under its influence the two were drawn very closely together, for they ate from the same dish, they shared the same water bottle, and, most binding tie of all, their mails went off together. It was Dick who managed to make gloriously drunk a telegraph clerk in a palm hut far beyond the Second Cataract, and, while the man lay in bliss on the floor, possessed himself of some laboriously acquired exclusive information, forwarded by a confiding correspondent of an opposition syndicate, made a careful duplicate of the matter, and brought the result to Torpenhow, who said that "all was fair in love or war correspondence," and built an excellent descriptive article from his rival's riotous waste of words. It was Torpenhow who—but the tale of their adventures, together and apart, from Philæ to the waste wilderness of Herawi and Muella, would fill many books. They had been penned into a square side by side, in deadly fear of being shot by over-excited soldiers, they had fought with baggage camels in the chill dawn; they had jogged along in silence under a blinding sun on indefatigable little Egyptian horses; and they had floundered on the shallows of the Nile when the whaleboat in which they had found a berth chose to smite a hidden rock and rip out half her bottom planks.

Now they were sitting on the sand bank, and the whaleboats were bringing up the remainder of the column.

"Yes," said Torpenhow, as he put the last rude stitches into his over-long-neglected gear, "it has been a beautiful business."

"The patch or the campaign?" said Heldar.

"Don't think much of either, myself."

"You want the Euryalus brought up above the third Cataract, don't you! and eighty-one-ton guns at Jakdul! Now, I'm quite satisfied with my breeches." He turned round gravely to exhibit himself, after the manner of a clown.

"It's very pretty. Specially the lettering on the sack. G. B. T. Government Bullock Train. That's a sack from India."

"It's my initals—Gilbert Belling Torpenhow. I stole the cloth on purpose. What the mischief are the camel corps doing yonder?" Torpenhow shaded his eyes and looked across the scrub-strewn gravel.

A bugle blew furiously, and the men on the bank hurried to their arms and accoutrements.

"'Pisan soldiery surprised while bathing,'" remarked Dick calmly. "Do you remember the picture? It's by Michael Angelo. All beginners copy it. That scrub's alive with enemy."

The camel corps on the bank yelled to the infantry to come to them, and a hoarse shouting down the river showed that the remainder of the column had wind of the trouble and was hastening to take share in it. As swiftly as a reach of still water is crisped by the wind the rock-strewn ridges and scrub-topped hills were troubled and alive with armed men. Mercifully it occurred to these to stand far off for a time, to shout and gesticulate joyously. One man even delivered himself of a long story. The camel corps did not fire. They were only too glad for a little breathing space until some sort of square could be formed. The men on the sand bank ran to their side, and the whaleboats, as they toiled up within shouting distance, were thrust into the nearest bank and emptied of all save the sick and a few men to guard them. The Arab orator ceased his outcries, and his friends howled.

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Corn (ears)	70
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Barley	60
Clover seed, fair to good	4.00
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do choice	4.80
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Flour, wholesale	5 00
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" prime timothy " "	9.50
" choice " " "	10.00

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Green apples, per bushel	3 00
Cherries, dried, sound, seeded	10
Dried Currants, per pound	10
New Raisins, per pound	10—12½
Beans, per quart	10
Fresh Butter, per pound	10
Cheese, per pound	16
Country Hams, per pound	8
Hams, sugar cured	13
Shoulders	10
Breakfast Bacon	12½—14
Country Bacon	8
Lard, leaf, per pound	10
Lard, country, per pound	8
Eggs, per dozen	15
Potatoes per bushel	1 25
New Potatoes, per bushel	2 00
Dried Beef	20
Canned Beef, 2 pound can	20
Country Side, per pound	8
Canned Tomatoes, per can	10—12—15
Canned Corn, per can	10—12½—15
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Lieutenant H. Lemly, the special commissioner of the Chicago exposition in Colomba, writes that a typical orchestra from that country consisting often musicians playing their native instruments, which are unlike those of any other people has been organized. It will appear at Chicago during the exposition in connection with the exhibit from the republic of Colombia.

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INONTON, O., August 24.—The mystery surrounding the tragedy of Friday, in which the three children of Mr. and Mrs. George Hamilton were found smothered to death in a chest in which they had been fastened has been cleared up. Wilber Warnick, a playmate of the children, admitted to his mother that Kirke Eurliche and a boy named Pemberton, together with himself, while playing, "jail," locked the unfortunate children in the chest, and being called to supper shortly after neglected to leave them out. When told that Warnick had confessed, the other boys told the same story. The mothers of the children are crazed with grief, but it is hardly likely that anything will be done in the matter as none of the boys are older than 8 years.

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Calypso or Penelope?

By Edward S. Van Zile.

Author of "Wanted, a Sensation," "The Last of the Van Slacks," "A Magnetic Man," etc., etc.

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less selfish, better balanced. She knew that he loved her and in that conviction she found a guarantee that the future would be what she wished. The difference between a husband and a fiancé she did not realize.

Rhoda Barr made no further sign. Alice and Harlan were married two days after his graduation and went at once to Bar Harbor. The ominous silence of the woman he had wronged worried Harlan at times, but in the delight of these first weeks of wedded life he soon forgot the past.

"My life begins from this moment," he had whispered to Alice, as they left the altar.

Short-sighted boy! It is easy to say that we will re-commence our lives at a given time and mould a finer structure than our clumsy hands have wrought before. Alas, the older building will not down! It's frame is there and must stand for all time. All that we can do is to repair it here and there, refurnish its rooms, decorate its exterior and cover, as best we may, the glaring defects our careless workmanship has caused.

Harlan and Alice spent a month at the sea-shore and then returned to New York. The restlessnes of his temperament had begun to make the young bride-groom feel that it was time he commenced his life's work. "Don't come home at present," his father had written him. "The city is very hot and dirty and there is no special necessity for you to begin your reading at once. I will try to join you in a week or two, as I begin to feel the need of a breath of fresh air." Harlan paid no attention to this suggestion. He felt a great longing to get to work. He told Alice that for her sake he had grown ambitious, and she believed him.

"I'll become a confirmed idler if we stay here much longer," he remarked one evening. "When people learn that I am a married man they always ask what my profession is. Can I tell them that my only occupation at present consists in drawing an income from an industrious and respected father?"

The tears came into the young wife's eyes. He did not know how cruel his words seemed to her.

"We'll go away at once, dear," she said softly. "To-morrow morning if you wish."

And so it was that one evening early in August Alexander Otis awaited their arrival at the Grand Central Station. He had been surprised and somewhat annoyed to receive a telegram that morning from his son announcing their departure from Bar Harbor. He felt that his own inclinations should have received more consideration. Then again, he understood certain features of his son's nature, and feared that this evidence of restlessness boded no good. He had been anxious to have his son married for various reasons, not the least of which was his belief that marriage would add a stability to the boy's character that it had always lacked. What did this haste to get back to New York signify? Had the impetuous youth already begun to grow uneasy under his new ties? These disquieting thoughts filled the stately lawyer's mind as he paced up and down the platform, glancing at his watch now and then and wondering why trains are never on time.

Thus it was that he scanned very closely the faces of Harlan and Alice as they came toward him amid a crowd of hot and tired travelers. His son looked cross and discontented. The train had been nearly an hour late, and Harlan had spent that interval in grumbling at most things in general and railroad officials in particular.

"I am glad to see you, my daughter," said Mr. Otis cordially as Alice put up her sweet face and kissed him, "though the pleasure is rather unexpected. And, how are you, Harlan?"

"I'm hungry," answered his son curtly.

"That's easily remedied," laughed the lawyer, taking Alice's gripsack and hustling through the crowd toward a carriage, "I believe a fairly good dinner awaits you."

"I hope so," remarked Alice merrily, "for Harlan has been as cross as a bear for an hour past."

"Don't believe it, father. No man is ever cross until he has been married at least a year."

They all laughed at this, but Mr. Otis noticed that the young wife's smile was somewhat forced.

The dinner went off gayly. Harlan explained their unexpected return on the ground that he wished to begin his law-reading at once. "As you please, Harlan," said Mr. Otis, "but if I were in your place I should wait until fall. What do you think, Alice?"

She flushed a little at the question. She had seen Mr. Otis only a few times and had always been somewhat chilled by his cold manner. To-night, however, he treated her with a cordiality that went to her heart.

"I really don't know. I'm sure that if I had to read law I should postpone it for ten years. It must be very dry work at first."

"Not at all," returned the lawyer, almost sternly. "If you really love the profession each step from Blackstone to the day you become Chief Justice is full of interest."

"You have marked out a very large number of steps for me, father."

Alice smiled, but Mr. Otis looked serious. He had long been fearful that his son did not have a strong bent for the law. Harlan's mind, as his father had once said, was brilliant in spots, but were the spots in the right place? It was an open question. The fact was that Harlan's success in literature—and for so young a man it had been marked—had displeased his father. Mr. Otis had a passionate longing to see his son an earnest, conscientious, ambitious lawyer. Harlan's remark, flippant more in tone than in fact, had, therefore, annoyed him.

"You might as well begin by aiming high, my boy," he said, after a moment's silence. "The Chief Justiceship makes a better target than a shyster's sign.

"Perhaps," returned Harlan, rather listlessly, "but it is infinitely harder to hit."

Mr. Otis frowned slightly as he sipped his coffee. Then, as he took a cigar from the box held out to him by the butler, he caught the eye of his daughter-in-law. There was in her glance a sympathetic quality that stirred him strangely. It told him that in Alice he had found an ally in his crusade against the weakness that pertained to his son's character. It told him that she sympathized with his ambition for the boy, that she would rather have him a lawyer than a poet. How, you ask, could a fleeting glance tell him all this? Your question is a hard one to answer, but in our eyes our souls speak, and from that moment Harlan's father understood Alice and loved her almost as dearly as he did his son.

Much to the surprise of Mr. Otis Harlan lit a cigar.

"I didn't know that you smoked," he remarked as they arose from the table and made their way to the drawing-room.

"I *must* retain at least one bad habit," returned Harlan. "I can't become a saint in a few weeks."

"But you said that you were canonized last summer," remarked Alice, laying a hand upon his arm and looking up into his face.

"Perhaps so. At all events, a year makes a long probation. But I suppose, even a saint may take a puff now and then."

"What has become of your chum, Harlan?" asked Mr. Otis, as he seated himself near them.

"Oh, Jack? Well, I suppose he is busy trying to make a doctor of himself. He came to New York as soon as he could get away from college and began to study medicine. I received a letter from him at Bar Harbor. He expatiated on the beauties of the clavicle and informed me that the sternum was one of the triumphs of nature. I should judge from that that he is in what may be called the skeletonian stage of his profession."

"He struck me as a strong, well-poised character," remarked Mr. Otis, puffing a volume of smoke through one of the open windows of the parlor. Alice slipped a hand into her husband's and drew her chair a little closer to him.

"Jack? Yes, he's strong enough," commented Harlan, "but his arm has more power than his brain. He's clumsy, you know, both mentally and physically."

"I think you are somewhat unjust, Harlan," interposed his wife. "I always found Mr. Arnold a very entertaining talker."

"You'd make the sphinx converse fluently, my dear. As for myself, I never got anything out of Jack but a scolding."

"Perhaps you deserved it, Harlan," suggested Mr. Otis playfully.

The young man had been struck this evening by his father's change of manner. Was it due to the presence of a woman in the house? The old sarcasm was still there, and now and then the frigidity that had so often repelled the son, but to-night the tones of the elder man's voice were more resonant; there was in his treatment of Alice a warmth that pleased his son and convinced him that in his marriage he had taken a step that would draw them closer together.

"I have no doubt I did," answered Harlan. "I have only been a saint for a year, and even in that time Jack has been obliged to reprimand me more than once."

"You must have him here to dinner," said Mr. Otis. "I should like to know him better."

Alice's hand trembled slightly in her husband's grasp. She knew that John Arnold loved her and she did not wish to see him again. But what could she do?

"I'll look him up to-morrow," remarked Harlan. "I should like to see him myself."

"Please don't," whispered Alice, but her husband did not hear her.

CHAPTER XVI.

Two years passed away quickly. To Alice and Harlan they were years filled with many varying emotions, though no striking incidents occurred to change the even tenor of their lives. Harlan read law in a fitful, erratic way, attended lectures at Columbia and spent a good deal of valuable time writing verses. Such poems as he deemed worthy of preservation he sent to the magazines, using a *nom-de-plume* for fear that his father would be displeased at his effort to "conquer the severe ascent of high Parnassus." Many of his poems were published and the encouragement he thus received whetted his desire for literary fame. Once in awhile he would confess his aspirations to Alice and, perhaps, tell her of his latest success. It soon became evident to him, however, that she had no sympathy with his literary ambitions. It is true that she was intensely fond of reading, and her tastes had always led her toward the best fruits in the garden of letters. But it is one thing to admire poetry and a very different one to be married to a poet.

Alice possessed a certain narrowness of mind that was partially hereditary and partially provincial. Though she had spent hours in Westminister Abbey and had seen there clearly written by a nation's hand the great truth that the poet, be he worthy of the name, wins undying laurels fairer far than those that crown the brows of warriors and statesmen, still did she retain something of that old-fashioned prejudice against those who follow the Coryecian nymphs that many wiser and broader minded people than herself still entertain. Futhermore, her judgment told her that Harlan could never become a great poet. True he was something more than a clever versifier, and she realized that the verdict of certain prominent critics in his college days had established the fact that when time had mellowed his muse he would take a fairly high rank among the lesser poets of America. Nevertheless she could not overcome her dislike for those who wield the pen and are generally described as "literary men."

Was Alice wrong? Was Alexander Otis wrong? Would it not have been wiser, knowing, as they did, the youth's bent, to have encouraged him in the line he longed to take? They were all three at fault. The father, always generous to the boy, had been less sympathetic than was politic. Alice, during the two years that followed her marriage, had shown a lack of tact, to put it mildly, in not entering more closely into her husband's aspirations. Last of all, Harlan himself, was by no means blameless. He had discovered at the end of the year, what he and others had long suspected, that he had no love for the law and that in his case, as in so many others, a round peg was to be thrust into a square hole. It would have been far better in the end if he had frankly acknowledged his detestation of the profession before him, insisted upon his right to take the path that nature had formed for him, and, instead of devoting himself openly to the law and by stealth to literature, to have publicly chosen the only line in which success seemed certain. But he knew that his father and his wife would be bitterly disappointed if he unburdened his books and lectures and devoted his whole time to his pen. He did not possess the strength to endure their displeasure, and so, dissatisfied and unhappy, he continued to make certain *nom-de-plume* famous to magazine readers, while attempting to gain sufficient knowledge of the law to save him in the future from utter failure.

Something of all this was known to John Arnold who had become a constant visitor at the home of his former chum. One evening, when Harlan and his father had departed to spend an evening at their club, Arnold broached the subject to Alice.

"Harlan was very ambitious to win a name in letters in the old days," he began.

"Does he do any writing, now?"

Alice flushed as she met the steady gaze of her questioner.

"Frankly," she answered, "I don't know. I think, however, that he writes a poem now and then, but I never see them."

Arnold was surprised. This lack of confidence between husband and wife was not usual.

"You don't approve of his literary aspirations, then?"

"Not at all. Do you?"

"I'm not quite certain," answered Arnold, who had become enough of a doctor to carefully hedge when an important question was put to him. "When we were in college I took a good deal of interest in the fate of his poems. Since I have seen more of the world I have come to the conclusion that in these materialistic days it may be better for a man to be a blacksmith rather than a genius."

"I agree with you, Mr. Arnold. I know that Harlan longs to devote his life to literature but his father is wrapt up in the idea of having him a lawyer and my sympathies are with Mr. Otis."

"But there's another side to it," remarked Arnold, whose face in the last few years had become sufficiently mature to conform to his stature. "I knew Harlan very intimately for four years. I am, if you will forgive me for saying so, inclined to doubt that he will make a success as a lawyer."

"Why?"

"In the first place, because he does not care for his profession. That is a fearful handicap from the start. Then again, he possesses a creative imagination. To a certain degree such a mental characteristic is valuable in any line of life. When, however, it is sufficiently developed to approach genius it becomes a danger to him who holds it and a menace to those who expect him to live and move and have his being like other men."

She flinched a little at his words. Could it be that this man understood Harlan better than either his father or his wife?

"Then you mean," she suggested, "that the creative imagination in making a man a poet renders him abnormal?"

"Perhaps that is it. At all events I am inclined to think that any conception due to what we call the inspiration of genius is the outcome of either a permanent or temporary unhealthy condition of the mind. No perfectly normal oyster has ever produced a pearl. The gem is the product of disease. A great poem is, to my mind, the highest achievement of the human mind, but, like the pearl, its birth is due to abnormal conditions. Wipe out of literature all the poems, legends, stories that were begotten by men in fever, under the influence of drugs or in the excitement of bodily pain and you will erase much that the world can not afford to lose."

"Granting that all you say is true," said Alice, "I am, nevertheless, a woman and don't understand generalities. What I want is the personal equation. Of course, our sex can not argue, but tell me this: If, as you say, the production of a poem is due to an unhealthy condition of the mind, is it right to encourage anyone to beget poems?"

"Ah, my dear Mrs. Otis, it will make no difference whether the poet is encouraged or not, so far as his output is concerned, but as regards his personal happiness the difference may be very great."

For many days Alice pondered these words. Perhaps they would have borne good fruit if she had seen her husband oftener and he had shown an inclination to be to her more as he had been in those happy days of their betrothal. But the fact was that Harlan had gradually become thoroughly self-absorbed. The influence that Alice had once wielded over him had lost its force. Sometimes he would look at her longingly as though craving something she had failed to give him. Sometimes he seemed jealous of the warm friendship that had grown up between her and his father. Later on he became moodily suspicious of John Arnold. His only relief from the worries that his overwrought nerves produced lay in the ecstasy of composition. He felt within him a growing power in the realm of poesy, a strength and freedom of utterance that sometimes gave to his verse a lilt and melody that strangely moved those who read his work.

"That man Rupert is a true poet," Alexander Otis had remarked one day as he cut the leaves of a current magazine. His son smiled ruefully.

"Yes," he said, "but he might better be a lawyer."

Alice was the only one present who heard the remark and she glanced at her husband suspiciously.

A few days later Harlan was seated at his desk in his father's office copying some wearisome legal document. The office boy brought him a letter. It was postmarked "New York."

My Dear Mr. Otis:—

Will you forgive me if I take the liberty of sending you a few lines to tell you how much I admire your recent poems. In that dreamy past when we so often talked of your future I did not realize that your genius was as great as you have proved it to be. You may wonder for a moment how I know that you and 'Rupert' are one and the same. If your memory is not at fault you will recall that you once discussed with me the *motif* of your last poem—a poem that has made the name of 'Rupert' famous. As the years have gone by I have found that the chief longing of my life was to have you fulfill the destiny that Fate marked out for you. How much I rejoice in your succes you cannot know. It may be that you have even forgotten my existence. But, be assured, not an hour of my life passes that I do not think of you and of the past. It is my only joy to read what you write and to see that the talents nature gave you are being worthily employed. I send this note to you in the friendliest spirit, hoping that in your literary career you are receiving that encouragement and sympathy that I know your temperament demands. I wish we could have—but that is absurd. I find that I am more selfish than I thought I was. Again I ask your pardon for intruding upon your time, and trust that you will accept my little effort at applause in the spirit in which it is sent.

Sincerely yours,

Rhoda Barr.

Harlan turned pale as he read these words. From that moment he longed to see again the woman who had once sympathized so warmly with his literary ambitions. It was delightful to him to know that at least one being on earth admired his talents, and could give him the encouragement his soul craved.

CHAPTER XVII.

There were two reasons for Harlan's temporary forgetfulness of Rhoda Barr after the receipt of her crafty letter. He had just been admitted to the bar and his wife had presented him with a daughter. The excitement pertaining to these important events had driven for the time being all other topics from his mind.

The novel sensations attending his first case before a jury had pleased him hugely and had overcome for awhile his literary inclinations. After all, he thought, the life of a lawyer may not be so disagreeable as I had imagined.

Furthermore, the birth of their child had drawn him closer to Alice. A great pity for his wife at the crisis had swept over him and, as the days went by and she grew stronger, he had treated her with a gentle solicitude that she had not received from him since the first month of their married life.

"I fear," he said to her about ten days after the baby's birth, as he sat by her bedside fondling her slender hand, "I fear that I have not been as companionable as I should have been. I have been too self-absorbed. But, my darling, I know you'll forgive me if I promise you that hereafter I'll try to give you a larger share of my life."

"I have nothing to forgive, old fellow," answered Alice, across whose pale face flitted a smile of mingled happiness and love, "I am as much to blame as you are—if 'blame' is the right word. I know that I have not entered as closely into your pursuits as I should have done. But when I'm well again——"

"Make no rash promises," he broke in playfully. "An author's wife can take a very deep interest in the details of her husband's work, but a lawyer's wife must, of necessity, be bored by the dry technicalities that pertain to his daily round. And you're a lawyer's wife, you know."

There was in this man's nature something strangely perverse. Even when he deliberately set out to be kind he was almost certain to do or say something that left a sting. In the half light of the waning day he did not see the tears that had come into his wife's eyes, nor did he note the trembling of her hand. He was unconscious of the sarcastic ring his voice had given forth as he repeated the words "A lawyer's wife, you know."

Alice's voice trembled a little as she said:

"I don't quite agree with you, my dear. Perhaps a woman is not as much bored by law talk as you think. Your father and I often have long discussions about his cases, and, do you know, he tells me I am clever."

Harlan flushed slightly. His jealousy of the friendship that had grown up between his wife and father was very real, though he knew that it was unworthy of him. He had thought on that first evening they had spent at home after the honeymoon that his father's cordiality toward Alice was a thing to be grateful for. He had felt that it would draw his father closer to him. It had, in its finality, had just the opposite effect. Why, he wondered, as he sat silently gazing at the fair face of his wife, beautified by the gentle light of young motherhood. Was it his own fault? He feared so as he reviewed the past two years and saw that his dual role of poet and law-student had cost him much that for the moment he regretted.

After a time Alice broke the silence that had followed her last remark.

"I am so glad, Harlan, that you won your first case. Your father is very proud of you."

"Yes? Well, I shall try to be worthy of his regard. I think I have it in me to be a successful lawyer if I work hard enough. But, oh, Alice, I love—something else!"

There was the suspicion of a sob in his voice as this exclamation involuntarily escaped him.

Alice burst into hysterical tears.

"Here, here, this will never do," remarked in stern tones an elderly woman who entered the room at that moment. "I am surprised at you, Mr. Otis. You are old enough to know better. I shall forbid you coming here at all unless you use more judgment."

Hastily kissing his wife's tear-stained face, Harlan slunk from the room, awed by the majesty of an enraged nurse and conscience-stricken at what he now realized was an unwarranted exhibition of selfishness on his part.

He found his father in the library.

"How are they up-stairs?" asked Mr. Otis, smiling less distantly than of old. The pleasure of being a grandfather seemed to have added a touch of geniality to his manner.

"Nicely, I believe," answered Harlan, "but that confounded nurse is a nuisance. She probably understands her business, but she distinctly comes under the head of necessary evils."

"The old story," remarked the elder man, smiling again. "There has always been a marked antagonism between husbands and midwives. It is one of the most interesting phenomena of human nature."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Rhoda Barr was living in New York. Since her mother's death she had been in possession of a handsome income and her apartments in a towering structure on an uptown street were luxurious. She possessed that quality, rarer, perhaps, than common sense, that is called good taste. The pictures that adorned the walls of her drawing-room were carefully chosen and so placed that, like women in a ball-room, each drew added beauty from the others.

The hangings of this dainty retreat, in which the handsome widow spent most of her leisure time, were worthy of the eye that had selected and arranged the paintings. The room, in short, suggested one comprehensive word to a sympathetic mind, namely, harmony.

Character finds expression in various ways—in the face, the hand, the bumps on the head, the voice, the words, the deeds—but let a man or woman inhabit for a time a certain room and the student of human nature will be able to read therein the record made by the personality of the occupant. Do you see those sheets of music scattered over the piano's top? The mistress of this den loves the masters of sweet sounds. Hers is no vulgar admiration for the flippant jangles that our generation so much effects. It is evident that she has cultivated a love for the highest achievements of those who make grotesque characters represent melodies that thrill the soul and, like the wild flowers that turn the gloomy forest into a paradise, give to discordant generations harmonies that soothe unworthy passions and make men nobler as they hear.

And there are her books! Examine them carefully. It will not take you long for the wall against which they rest is not large. But has she not shown a wonderful knowledge of literature in her selection of the tomes she deems worthy of daily contemplation? Look at that edition of Shakespeare! See how cleverly she has chosen the best output of the elder English dramatists and poets. And, then, her selections from the French and American masters are thoroughly in line with the ability she has shown in weeding out the chaff from the wheat in the field of English letters.

And these books are not merely for show. The best of them are well thumbed and it is very evident that she who reigns over this little realm is a queen whose mind loves to be *en touche* with the monarchs who wear the crowns the ages give to genius.

Rhoda Barr has grown beautiful since we saw her last. Perhaps, should we search closely, we might find a crease beneath her eyes or even a white hair somewhere in her luxuriant tresses, but the years that have passed since she said farewell to Harlan Otis have added to her face a certain strength, a force and power that, com- [illegible] symmetry of her features, [illegible] that, surely, it did not [illegible]. As she reclines on a divan in [illegible] gazing wistfully out of the front window through which the pink [illegible] of a dying day steals in, she presents a picture that even a married man could not but admire.

She was attired [illegible] in a dark gray dress that clung closely to her figure and seemed to love the outlines that no one saw. Her slippered feet made a delicate silhouette against the evening sky, and as she puffed a cigarette she smiled at the dainty picture her reclining form presented to her eyes.

"I am delicious," she said to herself. "Physically I am more worthy of his love than in the old days. And mentally? Pshaw! I have become almost his equal in the lines that he affects. That colorless girl he married must bore him fearfully. Perhaps it is time for me to play another card. Heigho, it is strange how much I wish to fulfill the threat that I made so long ago to ruin that woman's life. Do I hate her? No. Do I love her husband? I am not sure. Once I thought I did, but time is a wondrous sedative. What, then, is the incentive that impels me to devote my life to one object? Why should I, besought by countless suitors, give my whole time to the well-nigh hopeless endeavor to re-fascinate, as it were, a man who never loved anybody but himself? I can not tell. Perhaps the only answer—unsatisfactory as it is—is that I am a woman."

Then she threw away her half-smoked cigarette, pulled down the curtains at the windows, lighted a gas jet and seated herself at a writing-desk.

"My dear Mr. Otis," she wrote, "I hope you will not be offended if I again take the liberty, in remberance of old times, of sending you a few lines to tell you that you are always in my thoughts and that the successful outcome of your life is my most fervent wish. The truth is that I am worried by two suggestive facts; the first is that 'Rupert' no longer writes for the magazines, the second that your name appears in the papers now and then in connection with certain law suits. Can it be that you have given up literature for a profession in which, even if you excel, you can not win immortality? I hate to think that you have been willing to sacrifice your genius in this way. Can you not come to me some evening and tell me frankly just how this matter stands? I am living at the Prince Royal, Seventy-third street. How glad I shall be to see you. I promise, you shall not be told. My only desire is to talk with you about your future as a poet. Believe me when I sign myself,

Sincerely Your Friend,

Rhoda Barr."

CHAPTER XIX.

That evil genius who seems to devote his time to aiding the schemes of those whose aims are vicious took charge of Rhoda Barr's note and placed it on Harlan's desk at an opportune moment. Some weeks had passed since we saw him last, and he had begun to realize that both the bar and a baby have their drawbacks. He had won his first case but his second and third had gone against him. Furthermore the time had come when his daughter felt bound to impress her personality upon the household at the most absurd hours, and Harlan had discovered that the insomnia begotten by a crying child is practically incurable.

He had again become nervous and irritable. His good resolutions regarding his treatment of his wife had ended, like a cigar, in smoke. After she had fully regained her health he had gradually forgotten the promises he had made to her as she lay in bed and had resumed his former self-absorbed mode of life.

There was one new feature in his existence that exercised over him an influence that seemed to him almost lucifernus. He found that, in spite of her midnight disturbances, he was very much in love with his daughter. When his wife and father agreed that the youngster very strongly resembled him, Harlan would feel his cheeks glow with a sensation of pleasure. When the child had become sufficiently mature to smile as he addressed her the young father's heart would beat tumultuously. At last, he thought, I have found a being who will give me the affection and sympathy that my being craves. Influenced by this conviction he wrote a poem, signed it "Rupert," and sent it to the *Century*. It was accepted at once and he was correcting the proofs thereof when Rhoda Barr's note was laid before him. He read it through twice, glanced at the printed slips on his desk, felt their literary excellence and forgot their origin. Then he wrote as follows:

"My Dear Rhoda:

I will call on you to-morrow evening at nine.

Yours as the Future Wills,

Harlan."

"I'm an ass," he muttered to himself, as he shut his desk and went across the street for a cocktail.

The following evening Harlan Otis arose a little after eight o'clock from a dinner table that had been rendered convivial by the presence of the Hon. John Tupper Inman, who had come to New York for the purpose of seeing his first born grandchild. There had arisen some constraint among them all, at first, owing to the coldness of the elder Otis and the pomposity of the ex-Minister to Portugal, but the oily tendencies of a well-served meal had overcome all this and Alice's father had been gracious enough to lay aside his usual egotistic exterior and conform to his host's apparent mood. The result had been that, as the wine passed around, a feeling of good-fellowship had arisen that made Alice smile with satisfaction and told Harlan that he could keep his engagement with Rhoda Barr.

"I'll be back soon," he had said as he left the dining room. Then he had stolen upstairs to the nursery, kissed the velvet cheek of the sleeping babe, and gone forth to find the woman who had pretended to admire his poems.

About four o'clock the following morning a man came out of the Prince Royal, an apartment house on Seventy-third street. He looked up and down the street. Nobody was in sight. Drawing a revolver from his pocket he put a bullet through his brain. As he lay there dying, alone and helpless, the dawn heard a spirit sigh: "I love my little girl. May the world be good to her."

Two years later the following item appeared in a New York newspaper: "Alice Otis, nee Inman, widow of the late Harlan Otis, was married yesterday to John Arnold, M. D."

THE END.

Reasons Why Man May Not Fly.

Prof. Hazen of the Signal Office says there are insurmountable obstacles to perfecting a flying machine. Prof. Hazen states the main obstacles thus:

First—It is impossible to use the food which the bird uses to develop power by any contrivance which can ever be invented that will give one-fifth of the effect that the bird gets. That is to say, while possibly a spring or other application of force, by using up an enormous amount of energy in a very short time, might momentarily imitate a bird, yet the motive power in such case would be rapidly used up.

Second—It is impossible by the most delicate mechanism and most perfect science to equal the perfection and adaptability of the bird in its own element.

Third—There is a limit of weight beyond which it is impossible for a bird to fly. It is probable that the ostrich had the power of flight in ages gone by, but when its environment became such that it did not need its wings to escape from enemies, or when it began to grow larger from any favoring circumstances, it used its wings less and less, so that now it is entirely incapable of flight. It is probable that the condor, weighing fifty pounds, and with a spread of wings of fourteen feet, is very near the limit of weight. We may conclude, then, that we can never equal a bird, and, hence, that a self-raising, self-supporting, and self-propelling flying machine cannot possibly be built to carry a man.—Indianapolis Journal.

Dr. McDaniel's Smoking Tree.

Among the people of Norcross, Dr. McDaniel, in his yard, grows an ordinary mulberry tree.

Yesterday afternoon Mrs. McDaniel, while sitting on the veranda, saw a puff of smoke emerge from one of the limbs. She rubbed her eyes to see if it was not an optical delusion, but when she looked again she saw another puff of smoke spring from another limb.

She called to her husband that the tree was on fire. The doctor came out and was no less astonished than his wife, for the whole tree was puffing smoke. It came out in jets from the limbs like a boy smoking a cigarette. The doctor climbed into the tree, but could see nothing unusual about it, not a place in the bark being broken. The smoke was oozing from the bark and could be seen as it floated off on the breeze. There was no odor to it whatever, but was white in color and looked like tobacco smoke.

Dr. McDaniel called in his neighbors, and they too were mystified. Soon the news of the smoking tree spread, and people from all over town flocked to the doctor's home. From four until six the tree continued to emit puffs of smoke while a crowd of about 150 people watched it.—Atlanta Journal.

A Russian Traveler.

Novosti Dnyá of St. Petersburg tells of an old "townsman" who, according to its judgment, is the most noteworthy traveler of the present time. D. V. of Sitchevka, government of Smolenska, does not travel for fame or to win a prize, but he makes long journeys on foot merely for the love of traveling. He is a sympathetic old man, a shoemaker, and of a very charitable disposition. For many years V. has made it his practice to start from home early in the spring and to travel about in the country until late in the autumn. He has covered many thousands of versts throughout the length and breadth of Smolensk and neighboring governments. He carries with him in a hand cart a change of clothing, a supply of provisions for two or three days, a little samovar (Russian tea kettle), and a few tin utensils. It makes no difference to him where night overtakes him, in the fields or in the forest; he quietly builds a little fire, prepares his modest meal, drinks a few cups of tea, and lies down to sleep until the morning wakes him. Rain does not disturb him; he covers his wheelbarrow and himself with an oil-cloth and travels on or sleeps peacefully, as the case may be. If he stays over night in a village, or makes a stop at a farmhouse, all the children he meets gets little presents from him—toys or pieces of sugar for which he has a special compartment in his vehicle. In September he returns home. The first thing he does is to buy a number of sheepskins, which he works up into fur coats and gloves and distributes among the poor peasants who have to chop wood in the forest for a living. When this is done he sits down at his cobbler's bench to "work for himself." He always gets plenty of work to do, and lays by during the autumn and winter as much as he needs for his travels in the fair season of the year. If he has more than he thinks he may need, he gives it away to the poor peasants before he starts on his regular trip.—N. Y. Sun.

Pearls the Most Valuable of All.

The most valuable of all sea products is the pearl itself, and the largest specimen known is in the possession of an Englishman, Mr. Beresford Hope. It is two inches long, four and one-half inches in circumference and weighs three ounces. The father of the present Czar of Russia devoted twenty-five years' search to the collection of pearls for a necklace which he presented to his wife. Each gem in the collection was required to be a perfect sphere, and also it was demanded that none of them should have been worn by anyone else. With pearls it is as with rubies; small ones are so plentiful as to be a drug; but big ones are a great rarity. Fishing for them is a lottery, in which the prizes are few and the blanks are numbered by millions. It is believed by the Hindoos that pearls are drops of dew which fall into the shells of the oysters, the mollusks rising to the surface of the sea in the month of May to catch the drops in their shells.

Julius Cæsar presented to Servilia a pearl valued at $250,000; Clodius, the Roman glutton, swallowed one worth $40,000. Sir Thomas Gresham, emulous of the example of Cleopatra, in order to exhibit his loyalty, ground a pearl which had cost him $45,000 into a cup of wine, in order to thus fitly drink the health of his queen. A pearl nearly three inches long, pear shaped and said to be perfect in all respects, is stated to be in the collection of the Shah of Persia, but the most beautiful pearl is in the Museum of Zosima at Moscow; it weighs twenty-eight carats. Pearls have always been held in high value by mankind. In the New Testament the kingdom of heaven is compared to a pearl of great price, and the new Jerusalem was revealed to St. John as having twelve doors, each of which was a single pearl.—Washington Star.

Talk With an Oyster "Expert."

"Bless you," he said, smiling, "it's an easy telling one of them from another as it is knowing whether a man is negro or Indian."

Picking up a muddy-looking specimen, he said:

"Now, that's a Blue Point. Of course, it's quite easy for anyone who knows its flavor to distinguish a Blue Point from any other. Now, take the East Rivers. The water of the Long Island Sound is much saltier than that around Fire Island, consequently oysters from there have a saltier flavor, more like English oysters, than those around the south shore of Long Island. And again, the shell is different."

He went on to point out the peculiarities of the Blue Point's shell, and show me how much smoother it was, if I may so express it, than those of other varieties. Its formation is, then, full of its relative on the other side of the island. Again, he bade me remark the faint blue-gray lines along its age ridges.

"Yes," he said, "we can tell pretty nearly an oyster's age. Now this fellow,"

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

For the coming year will be noteworthy for a number of special features which the Publishers believe are of very unusual interest, and among them may be mentioned :—

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

contributes to the December number the first of a series of four *Articles upon Japan*, its people, its ways, and its thoughts. Mr. Robert Blum, who was commissioned to go to Japan for Scribner's Magazine, has prepared a very remarkable series of drawings to illustrate Sir Edwin's papers. Articles upon the recent *Japanese Festival* will follow, illustrated by Mr Blum.

HENRY M. STANLEY

has prepared for the January number an important article upon "*The Pigmies of the Great African Forest.*" Another contribution in this field will be Mr. J. Scott Keltie's account of the recent *African Exhibition* held in London. Both papers will be amply illustrated.

THE WRECKER,

a Serial Novel by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osborne will run through a large part of the year. Illustrated by Hole. A two-part story by Frank R. Stockton will also appear.

PROF. JAMES BRYCE, M. P.,

author of "The American Commonwealth," will write a series of *Four Articles upon India* embodying the results of his recent journey and studies on this land of never-dying interest.

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS

will be the subject of an important series somewhat upon the lines of the successful Railroad articles. "*Passenger Travel*," "*The Life of Officers and Men*," "*Speed and Safety Devices*," and "*Management*," are some of the subjects touched upon and illustrated.

GREAT STREETS OF THE WORLD

is the title of a novel collection of articles on which the author and artist will collaborate to give the characteristics of famous thoroughfares. The first, on *Broadway*, will be written by Richard Harding Davis and illustrated by Arthur B. Frost. Others will follow on *Piccadilly*, London; *Boulevard*, Paris; *The Corso*, Rome.

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Beginning with the Holiday Number, is permanently enlarged to 100 pages, radiant with new and large type, a new style of page, and fresh, strong literary and pictorial attractions.

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Hon. JOHN D. LONG (ex-Governor of Massachusetts) furnishes six articles, under the general title of Our Government, for the enlightenment of coming citizens—the boys and girls of to-day.

KIRK MUNROE, who lately lived for a time the life of a railroad man, in all phases from parlor car to cattle cage has put his experience into a thrilling serial for boys called Cab and Caboose. Striking pictures by Edmund H. Garrett.

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Publishers, Boston.

1891

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An Illustrated Weekly.

The Twelfth Volume of Harper's Young People begins on November 4, 1890. This best and most comprehensive weekly in the world for young readers presents a rich and attractive programme. In fiction there will be "Campmates; A Story of the Plains," by Kirk Munroe; "Men of Iron," a romance, by Howard Pyle, with illustrations by the author; "Flying Hill Farm," by Sophie Sweet; "The Moon Prince," by R. K. Munkittrick; and "Yellowtop," by Annie Bronson King. In addition to these five serials, there will be stories in two or three parts by Thomas Nelson Page, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, Edwin Lassetter Bynner, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mary E. Wilkins, Nora Perry and others. Short stories, and articles on science, history, travel, adventure, games and sports, with hundreds of illustrations of the highest character, will render Harper's Young People for 1891 unrivalled as a miscellany of the best reading for boys and girls.

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CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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FREE TRIAL PACKAGE OF PROF. HARRIS' PASTILLES FOR THE CURE OF WEAK MEN

THE PASTILLE CURE — TRADE MARK — FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY

VITALLY WEAK. Made so by too close application to business or study; nervous mental strain or grief; SEXUAL EXCESSES in middle life, or vicious habits contracted in youth.

WEAK MEN ARE VICTIMS TO NERVOUS DEBILITY or EXHAUSTION, WASTING WEAKNESS, INVOLUNTARY LOSSES with EARLY DECAY in YOUNG and MIDDLE AGED; lack of vim, vigor, and strength, with sexual organs impaired and weakened prematurely in approaching old age.

WHEN WE SAY CURE we speak from knowledge of PERMANENT RESULTS in many thousand cases treated and cured in past twelve years.

Free TRIAL As evidence of our faith in Prof. Harris' SOLUBLE MEDICATED PASTILLES, we offer eight days trial ABSOLUTELY FREE, to all men, young or old, suffering from this prevalent trouble should send their address so we can furnish questions to be answered, that we may know the true condition of each case and prepare medicine to effect a prompt cure.

Located in New York (after 12 years at St. Louis), we offer all a chance to be cured by the celebrated Pastille Treatment.

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ESTABD 1879. INCORPD 1890. CAPITAL $25,000

This Trade Mark is on The Best Waterproof Coat in the world.

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PRICE 50 CTS.

IT IS THE BEST, EASIEST TO USE, & THE CHEAPEST.

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TO WEAK MEN

Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address,

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$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It is NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

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The eighty-fifth year of this institution will commence on Wednesday, the ninth of September, under most favorably auspices.

The building have been thoroughly remodeled, the school rooms are nicely papered, well lighted, well ventilated, provided with new furniture and comfortably heated.

INSTRUCTORS.

REV. J. P. HUGHES, principal, will have charge of the young men and boys in the main school room, teaching Natural Science Mathematics and Book-Keeping.

MISS JULIA L. REED, so favorable known among us, will take charge of the young ladies in the South wing teaching Geography, History, Grammar, Rhetoric and Literature.

MR. JAMES R. HUGHES, will control the classical room, teaching French, German, Latin and Greek.

MISS ANNA C. VALENTINE, a lady of culture, and of seven years successful experience in teaching children, will have the care of the primary room, in the north wing. She will give instruction in Elementary English and Mathematics.

MISS EMMA S. HUGHES will teach Instrumental music, and class singing and conduct the calisthenic drills in the Calisthenic Hall, on the second floor of the north wing.

Members of the instrumental class which will be limited may have the advantage of the drills in class singing and calisthenic exercises whether they are pupils in the other school departments or not. Inducements are offered those who wish to pursue special or advance studies in literature science or modern languages. Pupils residing out of town can secure student's tickets at reduced rates on all railroad running into Bellefonte, and the recitations of such scholars will be arranged to suit the railroad schedule. 36-30-4t

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

K. Of the G. E.

The Knights of the Golden Eagle's reunion at Huntingdon on Thursday proved to be a most enjoyable affair. About eleven hundred Knights were in parade. The Bellefonte Castle had about fifty marching under their banner. At the business meeting held in the morning Bellefonte was decided as the place for the holding of the next reunion and the time the third Tuesday in August, 1892. Dr. H. K. Hoy, of this place, was elected president of the next meeting.

A Drowning Accident.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. August 20.—The first drowning accident of the season here occurred this afternoon. A colored man named Daniel Johnston, an excursionist of Wawa, Pa., went in bathing at the foot of Mississippi avenue. After being in the water only a short time he was seen to throw up his arms and sink. His body was not recovered. Heart disease is the supposed cause.

Good Looks.

Good looks are more than skin deep, depending upon a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the Liver be inactive, you have a Bilious Look, if your stomach be disorded you have a Dyspeptic Look and if your Kidneys be affected you have a Pinched Look. Secure good health and you will have good looks. Electric Bitters is the great alterative and Tonic acts directly on these vital organs. Cures Pimples, Blotches, Boils, and gives a good complexion. Sold at C. M. Parrish's.

A New Lease of Life.

The aged and weak have declared after using Speer's Port Wines that they felt as though they had a new lease of life by having their systems renovated by this pure strengthening wine made by Alfred Speer, of Passaic; N. J. The iron in the soil in which the vine grows gives the blood making qualities to the wine. For sale by druggists.

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR
IS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST HOME PAPER PUBLISHED

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A Lady's gold watch and the Weekly Chronicle Telegraph one year for — — $14.75

The Chronicle Telegraph Improved high arm sewing machine and the paper one year for $22.00

In addition to the above there are a variety of other desirable premiums, including an Open Face Gentleman's Gold Watch, which is offered to subscribers with the paper one year for $13.

The gentleman's $15 gold watch, and the ladies' $14.50, have beautiful hunting cases, warranted to wear 15 years, and are filled with the reliable Hampden movements. They cannot be bought at retail for less than from $25 to $35, but are furnished to our subscribers at the manufacturers' prices.

The sewing machine is our premium high-arm machine, and equals any $50 one before the public

SPECIAL PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.

Any of the above will be given free for persons securing us a club of yearly subscribers terms of which will be furnished on application.

THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE TELEGRAPH

In addition to its special features for the Ladies Home, Farm and Garden, etc, contains the

LATEST NEWS OF THE WORLD

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Pittsburg, Pa.

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UNLIKE ANY OTHER
For INTERNAL and EXTERNAL use.
GENERATION AFTER GENERATION
HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.
SOOTHING-HEALING

Dropped on Sugar, Children Love It.

Every Traveler should have a bottle of it in his satchel.

Every Sufferer From Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Nervous Headache, Diphtheria, Coughs, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Lameness, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints or Strains, will find in this old Anodyne relief and speedy cure. Pamphlet free. Sold everywhere. Price 25 cts., by mail, 6 bottles, Express paid, $1. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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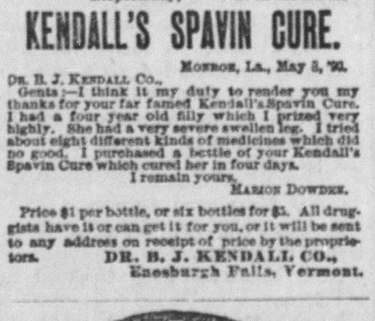
CONSUMPTION

In its First Stages.

Be sure you get the genuine.



The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below:

BROOKLYN, CONN., May 5, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:

Sirs:—Last Summer I cured a Curb upon my horse with your celebrated Kendall's Spavin Cure and it was the best job I ever saw done. I have a dozen empty bottles, having used it with perfect success, curing every thing I tried it on. My neighbor had a horse with a very bad Spavin that made him lame. He asked me how to cure it. I recommended Kendall's Spavin Cure. He cured the Spavin in just three weeks.

Yours respectfully,
WOLCOTT WITTER.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, April 4, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:

Dear Sirs:—I have been selling more of Kendall's Spavin Cure and Flint's Condition Powders than ever before. One man said to me, it was the best Powder I ever kept and the best he ever used.

Respectfully,
OTTO L. HOFFMAN.

CHITTENANGO, N. Y., May 19, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,

Dear Sirs:—I have used several bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with perfect success, on a valuable and blooded mare that was quite lame with a Bone Spavin. The mare is now entirely free from lameness and shows *no bunch on the joint.*

Respectfully, F. H. HUTCHINS.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

MONROE, LA., May 3, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,

Gents:—I think it my duty to render you my thanks for your far famed Kendall's Spavin Cure. I had a four year old filly which I prized very highly. She had a very severe swollen leg. I tried about eight different kinds of medicines which did no good. I purchased a bottle of your Kendall's Spavin Cure which cured her in four days.

I remain yours,
MARION DOWDEN.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vermont.

TOBACCO

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IS WATERPROOF.
A HANDSOME POLISH.
A LEATHER PRESERVER.
NO BRUSHING REQUIRED.

Shoes can be washed daily.

Used by men, women and children.

Brother come out and let me be inside. Will my face and hands be red, too?
Of course they will sister, because Papa painted the window with

THAT BLACK PIK-RON TRY IT.
A PAINT THAT ONE CAN SEE THROUGH.

10c.—A BOTTLE—10c.
WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.

$20 Favorite Singer Sewing Machine.

HIGH ARM $25.00.

Each Machine has a drop leaf, fancy cover, two large drawers, with nickel rings, and a full set of Attachments, equal to any Singer Machine sold from $40 to $60 by Canvassers. A trial in your home before payment is asked. Buy direct of the Manufacturers and save agents' profits besides getting certificates of warrantee for five years. Send for testimonials to **Co-operative Sewing Machine Co., 269 S. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

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FOR MEN ONLY!

For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD, General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Older Young, Robust Manhood fully Restored. How to enlarge and strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Simple, sure and speedy HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Some little fortunes have been made at work for us, by Ames Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Bonn, Toledo, Ohio. Send cent. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $3 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. New and wonderful. Particulars free.

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Reported up to 3 o'clock, by

DE HAVEN & TOWNSEND,
BANKERS,
423 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Stocks Bought and Sold and carried on favorable terms

PHILADELPHIA, June 25, 1891.

	Bid	Asked
U S 4½s, coupon	106	¼
" 4's	117½	⅝
Pennsylvania R R	50¼	¾
Philadelphia & Reading R R	14⅝	⅝
Lehigh Valley R R	46¾	⅞
Lehigh Coal and Navigation Co	46¾	⅞
National Lead Trust	17⅝	⅝
Missouri Pacific	66¾	⅞
Northern Pacific Com	23¾	⅞
" Prefered	56½	⅝
North American Company	12⅜	½
Union Pacific	43¾	⅝
Western Union	79⅞	⅝
Richmond Terminal	14¾	⅝
Louisville & Nashville	72¾	⅝
Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe	31⅞	¾
Delaware, Lackawana & western	135½	⅝
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul	62¾	⅞

RAILROADS

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME Table, Dec. 14, 1890.

STATIONS	Dis	WESTWARD A.M	A.M	P.M
LOCK HAVEN			4 40	9 15	4 20
Flemingtoa—f		1.8	4 43	9 19	4 23
Mill Hall		3.0	4 46	9 22	4 26
Beech Creek		8.3	4 56	9 34	4 38
Eagleville—f		9.9	4 59	37	4 40
Howard		14.8	5 07	9 48	4 49
Mt. Eagle—f		17.7	5 14	9 56	4 56
Curtin		19.9	5 18	10 01	5 02
Milesburg		23.5	5 25	10 12	5 10
BELLEFONTE		24.2	5 35	10 25	5 20
Milesburg		25.5	5 45	10 35	30
Snow Shoe Int		24.8	5 48	10 [illegible]	5 39
Unionville		28.5	5 55	10 48	5 41
Julian		29.9	6 05	10 59	5 50
Martha		27.8	6 12	11 09	5 59
Port Matilda		33.4	6 21	11 17	6 06
Hannah—f		33.7	6 28	11 [illegible]	6 13
Fowler—f		45.0	6 30	7 49	6 15
Dix—f		46.3	6 33	11 32	6 19
Bald Eagle		49.2	6 40	11 38	6 24
Vail		51.2	6 44	11 43	6 29
East Tyrone		53.0	6 48	11 46	6 33
TYRONE		54.3	6 55	11 56	6 40

STATIONS	Dis	EASTWARD P. M.	P. M.
TYRONE		8 10	7 15
East Tyrone	1.3	8 17	7 22
Vail	3.1	8 20	7 28
Bald Eagle	5.0	8 25	7 33
Dix—f	8.9	8 30	7 39
Fowler—f	9.3	8 32	7 42
Hannah—f	10.6	8 36	7 46
Port Matilda	13.9	8 43	7 55
Martha	17.3	8 51	8 02
Julian	21.4	8 59	8 10
Unionville	25.8	9 10	8 25
Snow Shoe Int	29.5	9 18	8 35
Milesburg	29.6	9 22	8 39
BELLEFONTE	32.5	9 32	8 49
Milesburg	36.8	9 47	9 01
Curtin	34.4	10 01	9
Mt. Eagle—f	36.6	10 04	9
Howard	39.8	10 16	5 02
Eagleville—f	44.4	10 28	5 19
Beech Creek	46.9	10 38	5 16	9 45
Mill Hall	51.3	10 59	5 24	10 01
Flemington	52.5	10 54	5 27	10 05
LOCK HAVEN	54.3	11 00	5 30	10 10

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table in effect Dec. 14th, 1890.

Westward Dis.			Stations	Dis. Eastward A.M	P.M
P.M	A.M				
5 06	1 31		SUNBURY	25.6 9 21	4 47
5 25	10 21	5.5	Fairbrook	20.3 9 02	4 27
5 37	10 28	8.7	Penns. Furnace	16.9 8 56	4 18
5 44	10 34	10.6	Hostler f	15.0 8 50	4 09
5 50	10 46	12.3	Marengo f	13.3 8 43	4 01
5 57	10 52	13.5	Loverille f	12.1 8 37	3 55
6 04	10 58	15.2	Furnace Road f	10.4 8 31	3 48
6 09	11 02	15.8	Dungarvin f	9.8 8 27	3 46
6 18	11 10	18.2	Warriors Mark	7.4 8 19	3 38
6 28	11 20	20.5	Pennington	5.1 8 19	3 30
6 40	11 32	23.5	Grover	2.1 7 59	3 1
6 50	11 46	25.6	TYRONE	7 56	3 1

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Nov. 24 1890.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 8.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.
Leaves Bellefonte at 10.30 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.10 a m.
Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.20 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.50 p m.
Leaves Bellefonte at 5.25 p m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.00 p m.

S S BLAIR, General Supt.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R.
To take effect Nov. 24th, 1890

Dis. Westward					Eastward		
	a.m.	p.m.			a.m.	a.m.	p.m
.0	5.50	2.15		MONTANDON	8.30	9.20	5.4
1.5	6.15	2.25	Ar.	LEWISBURG	Lv	9.10	5.25
1.5	6.15	2.25	Lv.	LEWISBURG	Ar	9.10	5.35
8.4	6.30	2.35		Biehl f		9.00	5.26
6.8	6.35	2.40		Vicksburg f		8.55	5.20
10.7	6.45	2.50		MIFFLINBURG		8.45	5.10
13.1	6.52	2.57		Barber f		8.36	5.0
15.2	6.58	3.01		Swengle f		8.30	4.5
16.1	7.00	3.05		Millmont		8.27	4.5
18.8	7.08	3.14		LAURELTON		8.17	4.46
22.5	7.19	3.25		Pardee f		8.06	4.35
28.9	7.33	3.38		Cherry Run f		7.53	4.22
32.3	7.45	3.48		Paddy Mt. Tunnel f		7.43	4.12
33.9	7.48	3.54		Ingleby f		7.39	4.09
36.6	7.53	4.00		Coburn		7.29	4.00
39.6	8.01	4.08		Zerby f		7.21	3.52
43.4	8.10	4.17		Hublersburg		7.12	3.43
46.3	8.18	4.25		Penn's Cave f		7.05	3.35
49.3	8.24	4.30		CENTRE HALL		6.58	3.28
51.5	8.32	4.37		Gregg f		6.51	3.18
54.6	8.37	4.43		Linden Hall		6.47	3.16
56.7	8.42	4.48		OAK HALL		6.33	3.11
58.3	8.46	4.52		LEMONT		6.36	
60.2	8.51	4.57		Dale Summit f		6.29	
63.9	9.00	5.06		Pleasant Gap f		6.19	
65.2	9.04	5.10		Axeman f		6.14	
67.4	9.10	5.15		BELLEFONTE		6.10	2.45

CHAS E. PUGH, General Manager
ROBERT NEILSON, General Superintendent
E. B. WESTFALL, Superintendent

BELLEFONTE AND BUFFALO RUN RAILROAD.—On and after Wednesday, August 7, 1889, Trains on the Bellefonte and Buffalo Run Railroad will run as follows, leaving the PENN'A RAIL-ROAD STATION.

EASTWARD.				WESTWARD		
No. 8	No. 2	Dis.	STATIONS	Dis.	No. 1	No. 3
P.M	A.M				A.M	P.M
6 23	5 10	13.	Ar. BELLEFONTE. Lv	0.	6 00	3 00
6 13	9 08	17.	Scales	1.	6 37	3 09
6 08	8 59	16.	Morris	2.	6 11

Bellefonte Republican,

To CORRESPONDENTS.—No communications published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.
Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

CHAS. L. GATES, - - LESSEE
Editor and Business Manager.

Local Department.

—Cool days and nights.

—Good peaches sell at one dollar per basket.

—A game of ball is in progress this afternoon.

—Lecture in the Presbyterian chapel again this evening.

—Both wheat and flour has taken a sudden jump upwards.

—Wheat is worth $1.00 per bushel. Now is the time farmers should sell.

—At this writing there is a bad appearance for a game of ball this afternoon.

—Buy your tickets for the opening of the opera house next Tuesday evening.

—President Harrison is 58 years old. He will leave the Presidental chair before he is 60.

—There are quite a number of pretty young ladies frome a distance visiting in Bellefonte at present.

—The Odd Fellows will hold their dedication and demonstration on the fourteenth of October.

—Some Centre county farmers are complaining of the potatoes rotting. Now is the time to raise them, then.

—A number of local fishermen were out trying to catch suckers on Wednesday but their success was not very great.

—Hoover and Miller, the enterprising coal and grain dealers, have placed an ad in the *Daily News*. Don't forget to read it.

—There will be service in the Episcopal church next Saabath, morning and evening, Rev. L. J. J. Smith, LL. D., officiating.

—We acknowledge receipt from the State Normal School, Lock Haven, of their handsome catalogue for the ensuing year.

—Subscribers not receiving their paper regulary will please notify this office at once, and the same will receive prompt attention.

—James Schofield is expected home from Ireland about the first of September. Rev. Dr. Laurie will depart from that country on the 3rd.

—The fifth anual reunion of the "Bucktail' regiment will be held at Maunch Chunk, Carbon county, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, September 16th, 17th and 18th.

—Preparations are in progress to move the house on Curtin street lately occupied by Mr. John Noll and family, around so that it will be facing on Curtin street instead of on the alley.

—Already ninety-seven business firms have entered their names for a representation in the business men's jubilee to be held on the first of October under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A.

—On Friday George Meek and Lou McQuistion went down Bald Eagle to try their luck at bass fishing. When they returned in the evening they had a nice little string and one "whoffer."

—Rev. T. B Cross, of Milesburg Baptist church, will preach a sermon to Bald Eagle Lodge, No. 410, I. O. O. F. on Sunday evening, August 30th, at 7.30 o'clock, in the Baptist church. All are invited.

—Friday night was the night for holding inquisitions at the Sheriff's office, and for property's were passed upon, after which the jury were escorted to Ceaders and enjoyed a "set up" at the expense of the Sheriff.

—Rev. M. L. Weekly, of Berlin, Somerset county, preached for the M. E. church at Meyersdale on Sunday last. This remarkable man still retains a large amount of natural strength, although he is 94 years of age.

—Why don't the county commissioners fix up the court house yard? If they can't do anything else they can, at least, keep it cleaned up so it would look semi—respectable. As it is now it is a disgrace to the town as well as the county.

—There seemes to be a growing sentiment against the cow on the streets of Bellefonte and, if agitation keeps up a little, it won't be long until the cow will be compelled to go. As it is Bellefonte is the only open pasture field in the State.

—On Monday the Pittsburg *Dispatch* published almost three pages of matter to prove the innocence of Shoebox Miller, and if the story is true, Mr. Miller was certainly a wrognly accused man and suffered punishment for another's guilt.

—On Tuesday evening Sheriff Ishler was endeavoring to break his team of Oregon ponies when one of the animals struck with its fore foot hitting the Sheriff fair on the head. Mr. Ishler was not badly injured, however, outside of a big lump on his forehead.

—Frank Jones, "Si Perkins," has a new play, called "Our Country Cousin," in which he will be seen this season. The critics say it is an excelent piece, and affords Mr. Jones even greater opportunities than anything in which he has yet been seen. In. Garmans opera hous next Tuesday night.

LUXURIOUS TRAVELING.

THE PULLMAN PALACE CAR COMPANY'S LATEST PRODUCTION FOR THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

With the marvelous improvements of late days in interior architecture and elaborate finish of Pullman cars it requires the exceptional to attract more than passing notice and the extraordinary to draw forth comment. Some months ago the Pennsylvania Railroad Company ordered from the Pullman works, for the equipment of the New York and Washington and Congressional Limited express train, the very best representative work the Pullman Company was capable of creating regardless of expense, and the result is now seen in the new cars running this last week on these two magnificent solid vestibule trains, which connect in a few hours the nation's metropolis with her seat of government. What is surely of much more importance than the handsome exterior finish of these cars, over which even experienced travelers are enthusiastic is the improved and heavy trucks on which the palaces are built. They have been, with the wheels and axles, subjected to the very highest test, even beyond the standard, which on the Pennsylvania Railroad is highest known, and at the end of their active journey came to a halt as cool almost as at the start. The designer here has also made a marked advance, and one promoting untold comfort, by arranging the connection of car body and truck so as to reduce to a minimum the swaying motion ordinarily felt when under full speed. The entire trains, are connected by vestibules, fitted for steam heat and equipped with improved air-brake appliances which practically stop the cars almost in their own length. The former equipment of these trains seemed impossible to be improved upon, yet their perfection of design and finish demonstrates the capacities of this modern age for wonderful and radical changes. The exterior appearance, aside from the drawingroom angle bay-windows, is identical with the regulation Pullman in color and design, and it is not until advancing through the vestibule that the reveltaion of what Americans have grown to expect in taking their few hundred miles jaunts is made manifest, as illustrated by these luxuriously finished palaces on wheel. The upholstery of the comfortable, revolving easy chairs and sofas, affording seating accommodations for thirty-four persons in each car, is of a white, imported mohair cloth, worked with figured silk embossing. The flooring is covered with a rich heavy Turkish carpeting, whose color blends harmoniously with the furnishings, even to the adjustable ottoman, ready for foot service at the front of each chair.

Upon entering the isle-way it is noticeably wider than in other Pullman cars, and the wood-work is polished ash, stained. A perfect effect is produced in the hand-carved entrances from the drawing-rooms into the main car body, as it arches to a centre in a miniature dome, were scroll-work, leaded glass, brass designs and heavy plate mirrors lend an exceptionally rich finish. At the windows hang a dual set of curtains, one a light cream to neutralize the light and shade the eyes, and back a heavy set of some rich brown stuff, embroidered and tasseled. The ceilings are hand-decorations, not elaborate nor overworked, but very artistic, while every cornice or where one might expect the sharp edge is some dainty bit of relief wood carving. The receptacle racks as well as the chandelier lamps are made of oxidized silver, the latter being of very unique pattern and shedding the softest silvery light on the interior decorations.

The drawing-rooms are perhaps the latest innovation in car construction; one is closed to the top of the ceiling, above the average standing height, with heavy plate-glass, beveled and paneled, while the other is open, and its occupants screened from the passengers in the body of the car by rich sliding curtains suspended on brass rods, running possibly two feet higher than the frame wood-work, and supported at the carved corners by thin newel posts of curiously twisted brass.

These compartments, accommodating six each, have a direct connection by door with the lavatory and toilet rooms, two spacious apartments well ventilated and lighted. The lavatory basin is made of heavy nickel, and every appoinment in in the way of necessary toilet articles is in its respective rack of twisted brass.

The wood-work above each chair in the main car is carved with laurel wreaths, suspended by the gracefully flowing strings all most exquisitely carved by hand.

The entire arrangement suggests more a salon of Louis XIV.'s time than a regular passenger express train of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

These cars, added to the deservedly popular dining car service of the Washington Limited and Congressional Limited Express trains, render these trains absolutely peerless for day use.

—AN ARTICLE ON WINDOW GARDENING, with an illustration of a new design for a hyacinth box, is one of the attractions in PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for September. Also a finely illustrated article on Fresh and Dried Flowers, with full instruction as to drying them so that the natural color of the leaves may be preserved. "The Scene of a Famous Novel," is another illustrated article giving a sketch of the neighborhood described in Miss Muloch's novel, "John Halifax." Other contributions from the pens of Alice Maude Ewell, Georgia Grant Frank Lee Benedict, etc., together with a complete resume of the newest novelties in dress, bonets and hats, make up a number of much interest and value to the ladies in particular, and to all members of the family in general. It is certainly a welcome guest in every household. Terms, $2.00 per year, with greatly reduced rates to clubs. Address, PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia, Pa.

Try the Game.

A new game called "Editor's Delight," is played in this wise: Take a sheet of ordinary writing paper, fold carefully and enclose a bank note sufficiently large enough to pay up all arrears and one year in advance. What adds immensely to the pleasure of the game is to send along the names of a new subscriber or two, accompanied by cash. Keep your eye on the editor, and if a smile adorns his face the trick works like a charm. Now is an appropriate time to play the joke.

The Y. M. C. A. to be Opened.

A meeting of the Board of Directors of the Y. M. C. A. was held on Monday evening at which it was decided to open up the rooms on the first September and William Chambers has been engaged as temporary secretary until the first of November when the State Association will send a man here to take charge, This is a good move and one that all the citizens of Bellefonte, especially fathers and mothers, should encouaage by a liberal patronage.

Letter List.

The following letters remain uncalled for in the postoffice August, 24, 91.

Gamteleperis Slefarid, Struble J. B. Glutin, G. Lurpeini John. Lindsay Sarah. Umborment Murtie, Millis Frederick Ward Frank. Sreman Lotz. Williams W. P.

When called for please say advertised.
J. A. FIEDLER, P.M.

Alas for Buckwheat Cakes!

A contemporary says that lovers of buckwheat cakes have cause to be alarmed over an appearance of an insect which threatens to consume a large portion of the buckwheat crop. They eat the foliage, and of course the crop never mature Buckwheat has therefore escaped damage from insects, but it seemes that its time has now come.

Court Notes.

Most all of Tuesdays was taken up with the second trial of B. P. Shwartz for forgery. The Commonwealth made out a good case and the jury returned a verdict of guilty.

The grand jury completed its work this morning and made their report, after which they were discharged. Court wil likely end to-day for this week.

—There are some men in this world who imagine that the life of a newspaper is dependent for its existence solely on the dollar or two they owe for their subscription and that if they should pay up and stop their paper the same would have to suspend publication. The never stop to think that a newspaper's subscription list is ever changing, and that for every one that stops his paper there are perhaps two others subscribe.

Mysterous Disapperance.

Mr. Abraham McCollum, of Central City, left home on Thursday, August 20th, in search of blaekberries, intending to return in the evening, but up to this writing has not been heard of. It is feared he has been foully death with. Any information as to his whereabouts will be gladly received by his anxious wife, who has been looking for his return.

Marriage Licenses.

Thomas Philip and Cathorine Evans, both of Philipsburg.

Daniel Musick and Daisy Auman, both of Coburn.

Elmer E. Keeler, of Roland, and Bertha Garbrick, of Marion twp.

John H. Ukherd, of Tyrone, and Alice C. Brown, of Philipsburg.

—Mrs. D. G. Bush is having put down what will be one of the handsomest pavements in Bellefonte when completed. It is being laid of large white Cleveland stone, which are about eight feet square. There will be about three feet space btween the fence and the pavement and a couple of feet from the pavement to the curb. This space will all be nicely sodded and otherwise beautified.

—The funeral services of Mrs. Nathan McCloskey, at Blanchard, took place during the prevalence of the tremendous thunder storm which passed over Howard and and Blanchard on the 19th instant and which destroyed the Crider barn and tobacco shed by lightning. Mrs. McCloskey was found dead in her chair on Sunday morning.

—Two inquisitions were held at the Sheriff's office Tuesday evening, one on a property in Millheim and another on a property at Coleville. Both were extended. The next inquisition to be held there will be an inquest over the Sheriff if he don't quit fooling around that team of Oregon horses.

—The entertainment and lecture given in the Presbyterian chapel on Monday evening, by Rev. John Kershaw, was well attended and highly appreciated. Mr. Kershaw is a pleasant and fluent talker and his lecture was interesting. Will be continued again to-night.

—Forty-seven cows, were congregated in the diamond at one time on Monday.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS INDICTED.

FOR MAINTAINING A NUISANCE IN THE REAR OF THE COURT HOUSE.

Evidently the advice given in Monday's DAILY NEWS will have its effect. On Wednesday the grand jury reported the water closet in the rear of the court house as being in a very bad condition and should be removed. This was only a repetition of the grand jury reports for the last two years, and the court had used every possibl means to induce the county commissioners to take some action regarding the affair but always to no avail.

On Wednesday, however, as soon as the grand jury made its report in effect as above stated, the court ordered the district attorney to prepare a bill of indictment against the county commissioners charging them with maintaining a public nuisance. The bill was prepared and given into the hands of the grand jury who retired and in a few minutes returned a true bill against George L. Goodbart, James B. Strohm and T. Frank Adams, county commissioners.

The court then said that the bill would be held over until the next term of court, which will be in November, to give them an opportunity to abate the nuisance. If by that time, nothing has been done, the commissioners will be tried and if convicted will then be compelled to go to work or go to jail.

To say that there was a mad board of commissioners in the court house on Wednesday would be putting it mildly. They would like to see the nuisance abated but hardly know how to do it. The only available way seems to be the building of an annex to the court house in front, the moving of the vaults and offices front and putting the closets inside with proper drainage to the creek. But this would cost considerable and the commissioners don't like to do it for fear the people wont approve. So they now are in a dilemma, and time only will tell how they will get out.

Died.

On Saturday, August 22nd, 1891, at the residence of her grandparents, Robert and Susannah Blair, in Unionville, Annie I., daughter of David and Hettie Blair. Annie was dearly beloved by her grandparents and parents. They mourn for their little pet but are comforted with the thought that, although they may never see her again in this life there is a life everlasting beyond the river of death.

"We are waiting by the river,
We are watching by the shore,
Only waiting for the boatmen—
Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.
Though the mist hangs o'er the river,
And its billows loudly roar,
Yet we hear the songs of angels
Wafted from the other shore."

The parents return sincere thanks to their neighbors and others for favors rendered.

R. B.

—Frank Jones ("Si Perkins") has a valuable piece of theatrical property in the possession of "Our Country Cousin," a new play from the pen of Charles H. Flemming Esq. The character of Jason Wheatley has been especially written to fit the peculiar and interesting style of work which has given Frank Jones a conspicuous place among the best known comedians. The principal scenes of the play truthfully depict the rural charms of West Virginia life, and the story partakes of the strongest possible dramatic interest. There is plenty of heart interest in "Our Country Cousin" and a goodly quantity of unadulterated comedy of the rollicking kind introduced incidentally, but with a due regard to the consistency of the action. In the opera house, Tuesday, September first.

Millheim Musings.

A game of ball was played here on Tuesday between the Centre Hall team and the home nine resulting in a victory for the visiting club by a score of 16 to 8.

The severe storm which passed over the section between this place and Penn Hall destroyed an immense amount of valuable timber At one place four cherry trees were blown out of a row of seven In Harters woods a great deal of valuable timber was destroyed.

Mr. Jacob Dunmiller, of Penn township, has sold his 80—acre farm to a Mr. Kreamer, of Haines, Price, $82 per acre.

Mr. Lewis Hassinger, who is now hostling for Mr. W. S. Musser, will be the night watchman at the grangers picnic at Centre Hall in September.

A Wonder Worker.

Mr. Frank Huffman, a young man of Burlington, Ohio states that he had been under the care of two prominent physicians and used their treatment until he was not able to get around. They pronounced his case to be Consumption and incurable. He was persuaded to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds and at that time was not able to walk across the street without resting. He found, before, he had used half of a dollar bottle, that he was much better; he continued to use it, and is today enjoying good health. If you have any Throat, Lung or Chest trouble try it. We guarantee satisfactory. Trial bottle free at

C. M. Parrish. Drugstore.

Potatoes are Rotting.

HARRISBURG, August 24.—Reports have been received from three counties at the office of the State Board of Agriculture showing the prevalence of a rot among potatoes. Secretary Edge thinks the trouble may increase if the recent warm rains and hot sun conditions continue, and he suggests the lifting of the crop from the ground as soon as the presence of the rot is detected. When this is not practicable, he suggests the topping off of the tops of the afflicted section of the patch.

Personal Pencilings.

Mr. Charles Noll was an arrival home this morning.

General Reaver went to Clearfield on Thursday evening.

Miss Stella Armor has gone to Mechanicsburg for a short visit.

Misses Jennie Crittenden and Edith Cooke are visiting in Tyrone, the guests of Miss Burleigh.

Sheriff William A. Ishler went to Altoona this morning to attend the funeral of his sister-in-law.

Miss. Jane Holter, of Curtin, and Prof. George L. Holter, of State College, are visiting friends in Tyrone.

M. L. H. Leavitt, advance agent for "Our Country Cousin," was in Bellefonte Tuesday afternoon and night.

Mr. J. H. Cumberland, formerly of Bellefonte, is here on a visit to his uncle, and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Harbaugh.

J. S. McCargar, of Bellefonte, representing considerable more than six feet of first class man, was a pleasant caller yesterday. *Tyrone Herald.*

C. L. Yetter, an enthusiastic democrat from down east, was in Bellefonte this week working up a Mr. Raymonds' chances for the State Treasurership.

Mr. John W. Moore returned on Monday from his trif to the western part of the United States and now he tells some very glowing stories of what he saw on the frontier.

Mr. Jonathan Laird, an old-time democrat from back in the ridges of Worth township, is serving his county as a juror this week. Although an old-timer Mr. Laird is a first rate gentleman.

George F. Hutton with his wife and two children spent a few days in Bellefonte on their way to Bedford Springs. Mr. Hutton is a nephew of Mr. William Utz and his wife is a niece of William Jones. They departed for the Springs to-day.

THROWS IT OFF.

THERE is no disease more disagreeable and uncomfortable than catarrh. It attaks the young and the old, and it is too often allowed to take its course. In such cases it frequently becomes dangerous. The poison extends to the throat and lungs, resulting in complications that are not readily overcome. All forms of catarrh, however, disappear before S. S. S. and that medicine is now recognized as an almost infallible remedy for the disease. It regulates the liver, improves the digestion, and brings about conditions that enable the system to throw off the malady. Catarrh and its attendant aggravations disappear before S. S. S. and so do all other diseases that grow out of bad liver and impure blood.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affection caused by impure blood.—Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers.—For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters.—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50 cts. and $1.00 per bottle at C. M. Parrish Drugstore.

Series of Entertainments.

A series of five lectures on the life of christ, beautifully illustrated by stereoptican views, will be given in the Presbyterian Chapel, by Rev. John Kershaw, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U., for one week, beginning August 24th and closing on the 29th (omitting Wednesday, the 26th on account of the regular evening prayer meeting.) Tickets, 25 cents, children under 12 years, 15 cents; tickets for the course of five lectures, $1.00 Lectures begin at 8 o'clock p. m.

A 17—1w.

STOP AND THINK

How much money you have thrown away buying worthless medicines, prepared by unprincipled parties, who care not what harm they may do to your system. You can depend on every bottle of Sulphur Bitters as being a reliable medicine. It searches out and cleanses from the blood all impure matter, and makes you feel like a new person.—*Boston Daily Globe.*

—Any person having a bathing suit for sale can doubless find an anxious purchaser in Mr. Frank Crosswaite, who seems to have a fondness for bathing, judging from an occurrence on Wednesday, but awfully dislikes going in with his usual clothes on.

STRUCK IT RICH.

A FORMER BELLEFONTER MAKES A VALUABLE FIND IN THE FAR WEST.

As everybody in Bellefonte knows Mr. Harry Bush, son of Mrs. D. G. Bush, of this place, was last heard of in Seattle, Wash. Now we hear of him prospecting on Mount Stuart, and evidently Harry has made a rich find and we would not be surprised to hear of him before long as being one of the millionaires of the far west. The following clipped from the Seattle *Times-Press*, of August 19th, will tell where Harry is and what he is doing:

"Mr. Harry Bush, who started from Seattle on June 1st, last, with a party of six, has written from the foot of Mount Stuart, where he has located, and where he is working what is evidently a rich copper mine.

The letter is dated August 13. He, with two partners, had tunneled into the face of the mountain for a considerable distance, but the red ore deposits he was following turned to iron. The first tunnel was therefore abandoned. While he earned the grub stake, placer mining for gold was carried on by his partners who turned in enough to pay and, while doing so, struck another lead. Copper glance is being mined and turns out well, and he expects to have something to sell in the spring, for the ore can now be hauled over a good road a distance of only 26 miles.

An analysis by a local assayist shows his richer finds to contain $90 in silver and 30 per cent copper to the ton, with some gold. The vein the boys are following is getting larger the deeper they go."

Again the Color Line.

PHILADELPHIA, August 26.—The session of the national camp Patriotic Order Sons of America this morning was a secret one. The question of admitting colored members into the order consumed the entire morning. A number of ballots were taken but each one resulted fifty-nine in favor of the admittance of colored members and thirty one against it. Most of the opposition to the eliminating of the word "white" from the constitution comes from the delegation from Illinois and Ohio, who voted as a unit against it. A four-fifths vote of the entire convention is necessary to make any alterations in the constitution. The debate on the disputed question will be resumed at this afternoon's session.

Now Try This.

It will cost you nothing and surely do you good, if you have a Cough, Cold, or any trouble with the Throat, Chest or Lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for your yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottles free at C. M. Parrish. Drug Store. Large size 50c. and $1.00

Base Ball Yesterday.

The following games were played yesterday by the National league and American association clubs:

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

At Chicago—Brooklyn 8, Chicago 9.
At Pittsburgh—Boston 1, Pittburgh 6.
At Cincinnati—New York 6, Cincinnati 1.
At Cleveland—Philadelphia 4, Cleveland 4. Game called at the end of the eleventh inning.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION

At Boston—Milwaukee 7, Boston 12.
At Baltimore—Columbus 5, Baltimore 6.
At Washington—St. Louis 5, Washington 2. Game called at the end of the eighth inning.

"Does your mother know you're out," said a boy to his little brother. "Yes, she does, was the answer, "for one bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has knocked my cold into a cocked hat, you bet."

A few applications of Salvation Oil will instantly relieve stiffness in the neck or joints. 25 cents

—If the law against swearing was enforced in this place we would soon have money enough in the treasury to pave the streets. It would be a good thing for the morals of the place if an example was made of some of the blatherskites who stand on the street corners and pour forth a volley of oaths that can be heard farther away than the report of a dynamite fire cracker.

BE CAREFUL!

No matter what disease you may have. Be sure that the medicine you take is reliable. Such a medicine you will always find Sulphur Bitters. They are not a cheap rum drink, but are made of the choicest roots and herbs to be found in the vegetable kingdom.—*Daily Argus*

Schofield Coming Home.

We are authorized to announce that Mr. James Schofield, of this place, will arrive home from his trip to Ireland, England and Europ, on Saturday next, August 29th, at 4.30 o'clock p. m.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE